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AFTER six weeks in triumphant occupation of the Ruhr M. Poincaré went before the Commission on Foreign Affairs of the French Chamber and made the most humiliating confession in French history since 1870. The French had occupied even more territory than they had planned but as a result reparations, instead of increasing, had stopped altogether; the occupation was costing France at the rate of $55,000,000 a year (and we suspect this estimate of being far beneath the true figure), it had forced retention of the expensive eighteen-months' military service in France, and the entire product in coal amounted to fifteen thousand tons. In other words France had obtained in forty days, at a cost of $450 a ton, less than half what she was receiving free from Germany before she ran amuck in her chase of "productive guaranties." There is in all history no madder repetition of the ancient farce of killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. But M. Poincaré had more to confess; those "craven" Germans, who were to yield to the first show of force, had not yielded. Where 1,200 trains ran daily before the French invaders entered the Ruhr the military men boasted that they had been able to organize a service of seventy trains per day. Strikes were as common as snowflakes in January. The franc had lost 20 per cent of its value, and France was becoming more isolated every day. In the course of their angry attempt to seize anything valuable, to whomever it might belong, French soldiers had seized money destined for the pay of the British forces in the Cologne sector. M. Poincaré's victory is, as *The Nation* predicted it would be, a worthless gesture; he can boast that he controls every inch of the ground of the Ruhr, but he has made no impression upon the German will, has increased suspicion of his own country throughout the world, has aggravated rather than relieved the distress on both sides of the frontier, and he is forced to look about for some face-saving escape from an impossible position.

BUSINESS is business, particularly when it is international business. Just when the German and French governments were being most vituperative to each other last month, an innocent little bill regarding a fertilizer factory came before the French Chamber of Deputies. The curious thing about it was that this bill included a fifteen-year agreement with the Badische Anilin Works, by which German engineers were to equip a factory at Toulouse in southern France, and the German owners of the Haber process of nitrogen extraction were to give the French company all their formulas and processes, and the right to inspect all parts of their German factories at any time. In return France was to pay these Germans five million francs per annum, and from 2 to 4 per cent of the net profits. The agreement also included a division of markets so that the Germans and French would not undercut each other's prices by competition. The debates in the French Parliament made it plain that the French realized the military importance of the Haber process, which saved Germany when her Chilean nitrate supply was cut off in the war. Presumably the German owners—whose shares doubled in value a few hours after the French Chamber ratified the agreement—also realized the military importance of their invention to France. But—business is business. That is M. Poincaré's motto, too: M. Tardieu has just revealed the fact that the French War Ministry supplied the Turks with 10,000 uniforms, 10,000 rifles, 2,000 horses, and ten airplanes before the Greek offensive last summer, and that just before putting through the 400,000,000-franc loan to Poland M. Poincaré approved selling French airplanes to Russia.

THEY say that Senator Lodge and Secretary Hughes have keen minds. We wish, if that be true, that they would use them. Senator Lodge replied to Senator Borah's admirable plea on February 21 for recognition of Russia by quoting Mr. Hughes who, it seems, objects because the Russians do not pay their debts. Now if these gentlemen would just use those keen minds of theirs they might discover another nation which not only is not paying its debts but whose statesmen, unlike the Russian statesmen today, assert that it never will. To wit, France. M. Loucheur and other French leaders insist that France can not and will not pay her debt to us. Nevertheless, in the midst of his expensive expedition into the Ruhr, M. Poincaré has found time to induce the French Parliament to lend 400,000,000 francs to Poland for purposes which he refused to state. He seemed to think the money could be found some-

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how. The keen minds of Messrs. Lodge and Hughes, if they really set to work upon some of the data which must be in the State Department, might find some significance in this action. They might dig up the facts that the Baltic States, led by Poland, refused to budge when Russia offered simultaneous disarmament last summer; that Poland is even now using artillery to hold a corridor which, in defiance of any racial or other sound reason, separates Russia from Lithuania and the sea; and that Poland has just appealed to the Allied Supreme Council to ratify a Polish-Russian frontier which is far to the east of the line drawn by that not unsympathetic body in 1919. And fitting these facts together with France's truculence in Western Europe they might come to the solemn conclusion that to refuse to recognize Russia while maintaining cordial relations with France was stuff and nonsense.

IT is a fine thing to have one's faith in the courts restored by a whole series of upright decisions following on one another's heels. The Federal Supreme Court has just suspended the sentences of the five Negroes who were condemned to death for alleged participation in the riots at Helena, Arkansas, three years ago—riots which were described throughout the country as a "murderous conspiracy to massacre the whites" but which really were, as *The Nation* was first to demonstrate, part of an effort to maintain a system of tenant-farmer slavery from which both Negro and poor white suffered. The Supreme Court has also upheld the right of the Railway Labor Board publicly to instruct the Pennsylvania Railroad how to treat with its employees, although the board of course has no power to enforce its decision. State supreme courts in Kansas and Iowa have reversed decisions of lower courts condemning members of the I.W.W. for no other crime than membership. These State courts insist that proof of an overt act is necessary to conviction. Such decisions, as we say, are gratifying evidence that our system of justice is not a mere instrument of class oppression. And yet we must confess to a not unmitigated rejoicing. Mr. Daugherty did not bring the power of the government into line against the Pennsylvania Railroad when it flouted the Labor Board as he did against the workers; and we have had painful letters from members of the I.W.W. who have been sick in Kansas jails while waiting for the higher courts to move. If we were Arkansas Negroes or Kansas I.W.W.'s the proud fact that a higher court had finally set the record straight might not wipe out the memory of years in jail or quite convince us that class bias was wholly lacking in American courts.

WISCONSIN, we see, nearly went and did it again. This time her offense was that the Wisconsin Assembly passed by acclamation a bill calling for the complete abolition of the Wisconsin National Guard. Subsequently it was repassed by a vote of 63 to 15. Not only the Socialist members of the Assembly, but all the administration members decided to throw the whole weight of their influence behind the measure in an endeavor to get the Senate to pass it and the Governor to sign it. The bill, unfortunately, is already blocked in the Senate by an adverse committee report. Of course there would be loud outcries from the militarists in Washington should such a bill become law, when the War Department is so hard at work building up the National Guard to more than three times its size at the time the war to end war began. And any such move naturally will be fought by the officers and men who wish pay for drilling, and by the contractors who supply the equipment. Disarmament should begin at home, and we sincerely trust it will soon—in Wisconsin and elsewhere. Which reminds us that Colorado's new and able Governor Sweet has exercised his gubernatorial right to muster out the State Rangers whose misuse in labor troubles and in raids upon radicals had aroused such bitter criticism. He is now trying to get the Legislature to repeal the law for the Rangers altogether, so that no future governor may exercise the right to reappoint the now disbanded force. A State police is one thing; a tyrannical, lawless body oppressing the liberties of the people and used for partisan purposes is something no American commonwealth should tolerate.

THE Bursum and Snyder Indian bills died. But if America is to keep faith with the red men, there must be remedial legislation. The committee hearings at Washington revealed positive cruelty to these surviving inheritors of an ancient civilization. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs admitted an active policy of destruction of tribal and communal Indian life, with its incalculable wealth of folk-lore, beautiful customs, and ancient arts. The Secretary of the Interior has an unlimited right to diminish the Indian land holdings at his own discretion by executive fiat—a practice which tends to the final disinheritance of the Indians. Indian reservations contain $100,000,000 worth of timber, valuable oil and coal fields, water power, and grazing and agricultural lands. State boards of health, as well as all departments of the Federal Government except the monopolizing Indian Bureau, are shut out of the reservations. Yet an excessive morbidity prevails among the Indians, and they receive almost no treatment for tuberculosis, venereal diseases, trachoma, or infant maladies. Reporters or other persons inquiring into conditions may be excluded from the reservations at the discretion of any sub-agent of the Indian Bureau. There is still need of remedial legislation to check the present rapid destruction of the New Mexican pueblos and foster their continued self-support, while providing as well for proper and adequate safeguards of the interests of bona-fide non-Indian claimants to Indian lands.

THESE are stirring days for newspaper-readers with the gift of imagination. When in a single week Soviet Russia names the modern world's first woman ambassador, the military hero of Turkey preaches emancipation for Moslem women, and the new Chancellor of Germany reads to the German Nationalists a sermon on pacifism, things are topsy-turvy indeed. These are Dr. Cuno's words: "What are our weapons? Neither firearms nor the sword, but merely a firm determination to deny any aid to the enemy, simply passive resistance, over which no power in the world can triumph, because it is rooted in the heart." That is sound doctrine; it suggests that perhaps the pacifists are doomed to the fate of the British liberals of the past century, who saw their opponents realize that which they had preached. Mustapha Kemal, newly wed to one of the Turkish women leaders, tells his followers that the subjection and veiling of women is a modern perversion of good old Moslem traditions of equality, and bids them welcome women as fellow-workers in rebuilding Turkey. And Soviet Russia names as Ambassador to Norway Alexandra Kollontai, the stormy petrel of the Russian Communist Party,

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world-famous as a feminist even before the revolution, director of public welfare in Petrograd through the first years of bolshevik rule, and in late years leader of the so-called "Workers' Opposition" to the new economic policy and to its compromises with capitalism. One is reminded of Kollontai's own words: "There is no feminism in Russia, for there are no laws or disabilities operating against women." Our incrusted minds have not yet absorbed the fact that light really is coming out of the East.

THESE Russians indeed refuse to settle down and fit into easy categories. They take the most astounding leaps toward the ideal in their foreign policy, and make the most primary mistakes at home. It is hard to understand why they make relief work by their friends difficult, as by refusing admission to delegates of the American Workmen's Circle—apparently taking at face value a quarrel between two groups of American radicals; or why they export even small quantities of grain, for even though it is sometimes easier to export than to ship by rail across all Russia the Russians should know that any export will be used by propagandists to discredit the noble work of relief and reconstruction now in progress. It is hard, too, to see any excuse for the continued arrests of Social Revolutionaries and other political opponents of the Communists.

FEW statesmen live to see their dreams so completely realized as did Théophile Delcassé, who has just died at Nice. "Il ne suffit pas d'avoir de génie, l'essentiel c'est de durer," said one old diplomat. Delcassé endured; he held the post of Foreign Minister continuously from 1898 to 1905, came back to office as Minister of the Marine in 1911-12, was made Ambassador to Russia by Poincaré in 1912, and was Foreign Minister again in the first year of the war. He came to power in a period when Franco-British jealousy was bitter, and while the Franco-Russian alliance had just been soldered there were leanings to Franco-German collaboration. He opposed them; he had the vision of a Franco-Russian-British-Italian alliance, and steadily strove toward it. He conciliated England through the tense Fashoda days, and won England's support for his sorry double-dealing in Morocco, where he consolidated the French position at Germany's expense. He resolutely cultivated Italy's friendship and was largely responsible for her break from the Triple Alliance in 1915. Nursed in the school of Gambetta he never forgot 1870 and dreamed, like Clemenceau, of *revanche* and of Alsace; his aim was rather to choose the favorable moment for a world war than to avert it. He lived to see the Triple Entente cemented, Italy detached from the Central Powers, Germany encircled, and bloodily defeated—his life's dreams all come true; and then to see the great alliance crumble in victory and France plunge alone into the Ruhr. One wonders just how proud of his life the shrewd little old man really was.

THE American Academy of Arts and Letters has opened its handsome new building with handsome ceremonies. Sir Frederic Kenyon, director of the British Museum, made the formal address and pleaded for Anglo-Saxon brotherhood. The selection of Sir Frederic shows how weak the Academy is in both arts and letters. There are living artists and men of letters in England who might have been invited. Also, there are poets and novelists of some talent and fame in America. But the Academy is weak. It gave its gold medal for distinction in literature to Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, who has written verse and prose against suffrage and about English cathedrals, and is bemoaning the decay of old New York's aristocracy of blood and culture. Miss Amy Lowell, we suggest, is also an aristocrat, and she, at least, has produced a body of writing to which her severest critics cannot deny brilliant and pertinacious talent. Finally the Academy had to elect an "immortal" to take the place of Thomas Nelson Page. The new "immortal" is Professor Stuart Pratt Sherman. We applaud this choice. But we wonder in what mood Mr. Sherman himself views his new honor. He may hunt those whom he thinks barbarians with an occasional repression of scruples. But he is a wit, a scholar, an admirable stylist. No one could write with a sharper ironic touch than he of the unliterary character of the Academy's proceedings. Will not Mr. Sherman sooner or later find his "immortality" a burden?

THE bequest to American music of the late Augustus D. Juilliard of New York has already turned out to be no less than ten million dollars, and it is to be swelled by five millions more as soon as some legal technicalities have been disposed of. This is a wonderful benefaction, which will be of untold benefit if the funds are wisely used. It is not yet clear just what will be the ultimate disposition of the money. The trustees declare they have been quite overwhelmed by the applications that have poured in upon them from every direction, so that, as the director phrases it, they have been hard put to it "to find stable-room for hobby horses," and so have reached no definite conclusions. This emboldens us to trot out our hobby. We should like to see the trustees endow the Philharmonic Orchestra of New York so thoroughly that the choice of its conductors would be independent of any question of income, and strictly on merit. Then it might become a great people's orchestra during ten months in the year, paying the highest salaries paid to musicians anywhere, and playing in all parts of New York at prices within the reach of students and people of small means. The present directors have taken some praiseworthy steps in giving concerts for students and others at low prices; but this is only a part of the orchestra's possible development were the means available. Could one true people's orchestra be established, there can be no doubt that it would eventually be imitated in all the leading cities of the country.

SOUND the trumpets, beat the drums, hither conquering Christy comes—Christy Mathewson no less, liberated from duress in the sanitarium! Welcome, Matty boy, well come! Who believed that Matty would go like other flesh and blood down the perilous decline where nine never play with nine? Who believed that Christy could, with his might and with his mood, leave the box because bacilli hit his pitching, willy-nilly? Who believed that Mathewson might not make another run, but before a sea of faces balk and slip and die on bases? Never we, whatever other skeptic son of skeptic mother talked about the shrouded portal: Mathewson we held immortal. Now the pessimistic knaves see him back among the Braves, ruling them as it should be where none is more brave than he. Ave Matty! From the deadlines welcome back into the headlines with the Braves, who need a master to retrieve them from disaster, from the stormy waves they tossed on! Salve Christy, Boss of Boston!

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Let Us Join the World Court of Justice

IF President Harding's recommendation to the Senate that the United States adhere to the protocol establishing the permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, which was provided for in the Covenant of the League of Nations, means that he and Mr. Hughes have finally come to a realization that the world's desperate situation can be resolved only by the aid of the United States, we must welcome it heartily. Perhaps Mr. Bonar Law had this in mind when in his Washington's Birthday speech he spoke of indications that the United States was coming back into the European situation. It would be easy, of course, to remark that Mr. Harding's offhand method of tossing so momentous a question into the confusion of the last hours of a dying Congress is characteristic of the mental processes of this Administration. But for ourselves we are glad that the proposal could not be ratified or settled in the hurried days before March 4. It is far too important an issue to be settled overnight—and this quite aside from the fact that the court is established under the auspices of the League of Nations.

Our own difficulties in regard to the proposal have been several. If we believed that this action involved our final entry into the League of Nations, we should favor the immediate rejection of the proposal. That contingency, adequately guarded against by the resolutions suggested by Mr. Hughes, has never seemed menacing to us. What has disturbed us more is the character and composition of the court itself. When it was established we expressed our very great disappointment that a new court had been created and that the Hague Tribunal for Arbitration already in existence had not been more directly developed. We spoke of the Root plan as "defective and unsatisfactory," but felt it an advance to have the world consider any step whatever toward that supreme court of the world for which humanity hungers. We pointed out, however, that this was "not a real court being offered to us, nor one that gives adequate hope of exercising a more determining influence upon the affairs of nations than did the Hague Tribunal which is now suspended." We were further of the belief that the failure of the court to receive obligatory jurisdiction was disappointing. Under Article 14 of the Covenant of the League of Nations it is specified that the court shall have no jurisdiction whatever in a given case unless all the parties to a dispute agree that it shall. One side alone cannot bring an issue before the judges, who cannot summon disputants before them as can any justice of the peace in an American town today. A faint hope lies in the opportunity offered the signatory nations voluntarily to agree to arbitrate all issues likely to lead to war; the United States, if it ratifies, should avail itself of that opportunity.

This failure to establish obligatory jurisdiction continues the old distinction as to justiciable and non-justiciable disputes. As long as that is the case the court will be hamstrung, for all that any statesman need do if he is cited or requested to go into such a court would be simply to say: "Oh, this is a non-justiciable affair." By that is meant that in the view of a government a given dispute involves its sacred honor and cannot, therefore, be regarded like an ordinary judicial cause—just as dueling was for long held to be beyond the law because it involved the sacred honor of gentlemen. Thus our unwarranted and criminal attack upon the Mexicans at Vera Cruz, in which we murdered four hundred men, women, and young boys with the heavy guns of our fleet, was not, under our present code of national conduct, a matter which could have been brought before any court for adjudication. It was in our Government's view a non-justiciable affair and, therefore, the law of the jungle controlled. It was once more right subordinated to might. President Harding is asking us to join a court whose usefulness is open to severe limitations.

The question, therefore, has been whether we shall take part in this court, created by grace of the League of Nations, which may or may not disappear from the earth within a few years, in the hope that in time the court shall develop into a useful and vital body. We answer, Yes, just as, a quarter century ago, we urged ratification of the Hague conventions, inadequate as they were. The question may seem somewhat like the question put to us constantly by advocates of the League of Nations: "Why do you not go into the League and then by working within it bring about its amendment so that it shall become a real league of peoples and not a league of victors, dominated by a small council without whose unanimous consent there can be no amendment of the League?" To that our answer is clear-cut and decisive: We shall enter no such snare. It is a political league, controlled by the Allies, an instrument for the enforcement of iniquitous treaties, and we will have none of it. In the case of the court of justice, however, we have felt that, for all its defects, the United States was not justified in holding aloof from it, and we so stated editorially on February 15, 1922. There is no political control here as in the League itself, no commitment to the policies of a few great Powers. We rejoice, therefore, that Mr. Hughes and Mr. Harding have moved at last, and we shall be disappointed if, after considering the matter during the recess, the Senate does not follow the suggestion of the President and ratify his proposal.

The United States is, in more senses than one, the spiritual father of this world-court enterprise. However limited its functions, we should participate in them, and help to support the tribunal as Mr. Harding asks, while working always toward a stronger and better court, and one that shall be entirely free from the domination or control of the League of Nations. It is not entirely free today. It has eleven judges, nominated by regional groups through the old Hague Court, in which we participate, and elected by the Assembly and Council of the League; some other means of election ought to be devised. It is not, however, true, as stated in some of the Washington dispatches, that the decrees of the court shall be enforced by the League of Nations. There is no law-enforcing machinery provided, and this is as it should be. No less a jurist and practical public man than Senator Knox was entirely convinced that the decrees of such a court, either with or without obligatory jurisdiction, would need no army and no navy to uphold them. The long history of international arbitration bears him out. It shows no exceptions to the rule that the judgments of the deciding referee have been accepted and loyally carried out by the parties to the dispute. But, as we have said, the nations must not be content with the court as it now stands; it must be built up into a supreme court of the world with powers as complete, relatively, as those of the Supreme Court of the United States.

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Blaming It on Democracy

THOSE whose hearts can still be wrung by tragedy we invite to consider the case of democracy, wounded in the house of her friends. That democracy might walk safely on earth a great war was waged. Scarcely had it been won by those true knights, Woodrow Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Foch, and their companions of the council chamber—with the aid of a few millions of poilus, Tommies, and doughboys in the trenches—than there arose a mighty cry that democracy was no true goddess and that her worship led men into all manner of evil.

A great crowd of savants, near-savants, and would-be savants have been having the time of their lives exposing the defects of democracy. These worthies regularly rejoice because Mr. Hoover or some less conspicuous author makes the startling discovery that men are born unequal in ability. Unfortunately for the originality of the discovery even the Nordic super-savants are obliged to admit that the much-belabored Jean Jacques Rousseau knew that such inequality existed. But of course Rousseau did not know about intelligence tests and intelligence quotients, the crimes of the crowd mind, or the glories of the Nordic race. It is on the authority of these great discoveries that much of the modern criticism of democracy relies. We know it is unjust to link such valuable work as Everett Dean Martin has done in his study of the crowd mind, or as the saner sort of psychologists are doing in testing mental aptitudes, with Lothrop Stoddard's romantic rationalizations of racial prejudice. His Nordic cult is merely a more respectable and less immediately violent version of the absurdities of the Ku Klux Klan. For the jargon of children—wizards, giants, and kleagles—he substitutes the jargon of pseudo-science. There is no place for the Nordic cult in scientific and constructive thinking about the problems of democracy.

Even of valuable work in psychology a quite illogical and unfair use may be made. It is a bit surprising to observe the avidity with which men seize on the facts or alleged facts of racial differences, individual inequalities, and mob hysteria to justify the present economic order—which assuredly is not democratic—and to explain our social ills. Granted that men are unequal in gifts; is that a reason why the strong should prey upon the weak? Do inequalities in intelligence justify a system in which so great a premium is put, not on all kinds of intelligence, but on the possession of a talent and taste for acquisition? Moreover, we are confronted with the rather obvious fact that under our present system of absentee ownership the curve of privilege and opportunity by no means conforms to the curve of ability as measured by "army alpha and beta" or any modification thereof. Pasquale Terrati, son of immigrants from Italy, possessed of an I.Q. of 180, is by no means as privileged as Reginald Astorbilt, who compensated for an I.Q. of 80 by his foresight in the selection of grandparents.

If the discovery of human inequality does not justify economic autocracy still less does it condemn political democracy. Do wars spring primarily from the ignorance of the unenlightened or the brute passions of the mob? Was the Great Conflict the work of lesser breeds without the law, or of nations with a high percentage of Nordic blood? Did army intelligence tests reveal the kind of ability which might have made a decent peace? To ask these questions is to emphasize the fact that not the ignorance of the simple or even the madness of the mob was the primary cause of our calamity, but the cupidity of the strong. If our imperfect democracy proved a poor bulwark against war and if mob passion complicated the tasks of the peacemakers, it is nevertheless the plain truth that it was the worshipers of power, the possessors of privilege, the controllers of wealth, who were primarily guilty of unloosing upon mankind the forces of destruction. They it was who controlled the dissemination of news and the education of the masses. Their claim to forgiveness for the almost intolerable woes they have brought upon mankind is not to be found in derision of democracy but in the confession that in the blindness of their own passion and greed they knew not what they did.

It is well for society to realize that there is no metaphysical virtue in the operation of our untrained democracy. It will be anything but well for society if a realization of that fact should lead to the notion that democracy is wholly contemptible and that in its faults lie the roots of our ills. While savants and near-savants are busy reviling democracy, the diplomats, the profiteers, the holders of special privilege and their pack of hungry jackals in the press and on the platforms are steadily sowing the seeds of new wars and fresh disasters.

Marines and Missionaries—A Lenten Meditation

EPISCOPAL Headquarters at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York City, has gone in for publicity. It believes in sermons in show-windows. The current sermon is particularly instructive. Shivering passers-by are treated to a large drop-scene depicting a tropical isle where every prospect pleases. This, we learn, is Haiti. In front of the scene is a placard containing a Hymn to the Marines originally published in that organ of militant Christianity, the Washington *Post*, over the signature of the Right Reverend Charles Blayney Colmore, Bishop of Porto Rico and Haiti. From it we cull these thoughts:

> The reconstruction work of the United States marines in Haiti provides one of the most thrilling and gratifying chapters in contemporaneous American history. The marines have literally taught the Haitians how to live decently. . . . With the wonderful facility and adaptability for which the marines are noted, the advance agents of American civilization so changed Haiti that after they had been there four months when I went on my annual visitation to the island I hardly knew it for the same spot. Sanitary systems had been installed, the towns had been cleaned up, former idlers and revolutionists were working happily for living wages, and a new spirit was animating the people.

To get the full flavor of these remarks one should know that the other objects of interest in the window were a small and crude vase with an inscription to the effect that it was the only object of native craftsmanship found by the collector in all the country (!), and a typewritten manifesto professing the allegiance of the Episcopal mission to the doctrine of "Haiti for the Haitians."

Now *The Nation*, as its readers are aware, has been at considerable pains to inform itself on conditions in Haiti. Not even in the matter of sanitation can we discover an adequate basis for the Bishop's praise of the marines. His

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eulogies put to shame even the official whitewashers. They had heard of forced labor under the corvee system, and of the native revolt against it. They had heard, too, of those atrocities always incident to the attempt to impose an alien rule over unwilling people. The Bishop's "thrilling and gratifying chapter in contemporaneous American history" was a record of stark imperialism. The United States occupied Haiti, overthrew its constitution, changed its land laws, set up a puppet government, and then saddled it with an unwanted loan subscribed by the National City Bank of New York and secured by the continuance of military occupation. On the country of Toussaint l'Ouverture we are imposing the racial prejudices of our own South. Any benefits to the Haitians—and they have been few—are quite incidental. The Haitians get the military roads they build with their own labor, the marines get the education so lauded by the recruiting posters, and the National City Bank presumably gets the profits. This is the regime extolled by a Christian church which has the effrontery to say that it believes in Haiti for the Haitians.

One is tempted to dismiss the matter as proof that all hypocrites did not die with the scribes and Pharisees. But that would be too simple an explanation of the attitude of the church. Neither is it fair to say that the church is purchasing official favor for its work of soul-saving by flattering the powers that be. That attitude of mind is often to be found among zealous ecclesiastics. But the trouble lies deeper. The church confuses missionaries and marines, the Sermon on the Mount and the Monroe Doctrine, not out of conscious hypocrisy or for the sake of reward, but because it has no adequate conception of Christianity. It can inspire its sons and daughters to generous and even self-sacrificing deeds, but the ideal to which they are loyal is morality, cleanliness, or possibly theology, rather than godliness; Western civilization rather than the religion of Jesus. Its nearest approach to brotherhood with the "backward races" and the "lower classes" is a sort of benevolent paternalism. The trouble is that the church seems to lack the understanding to be penitent for its own sins, the imagination to appreciate the virtues and possibilities of others, and the faith to trust neither might nor power but the spirit of the living God in whom it professes to believe. In Haiti it sympathizes with the marines rather than with the native patriots, in India with the achievements of British imperialism rather than with the spiritual adventure of Gandhi. In all countries the church of Jesus worships the god of war.

To this generalization there are of course exceptions. There are men within the church whose conception of Christianity makes the confusion of marines and missionaries impossible. They are ambassadors of Christ, not of Main Street or Wall Street. They are brothers of men, not rulers over them. Such men, proportionately more numerous on the missionary field of the church than at home, may win toleration, respect, and sometimes affection from the church by reason of personal gifts, good fortune, and their appeal to the memory of the Carpenter of Nazareth—a memory which is shot like a red thread through the tangled web of Christian tradition, theology, and ecclesiasticism. But these men seldom control the church and are never typical of it. The church as an institution is revealed not in the words of an occasional prophet but in the show-window at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street. That is the tragedy of organized Christianity.

Schism Among the Grumblers

E. W. HOWE, the wisest man in Kansas, tells the readers of his incomparable monthly that he will not renew his subscription to *The Nation*, and gives his reasons:

> The main one is that *The Nation* always says that the best things in the United States, a country of which I am proud, are always the worst. . . . It says our institutions most noted for efficiency and human usefulness are all wrong. It denounces our American "system," the best ever devised, which has no greater fault than that we do not properly punish its critics, and says that socialism, the world's greatest folly, is the real thing in goodness, intelligence, justice, and progress. The editor of *The Nation* is like a foolish fellow who, driving a Ford, and hurrying to perform some unnecessary and mistaken errand, splatters mud and dust over me. So I shall get out of his way.

This reminds us of a true story which has never got into print but which ought to be told. A certain eminent man of letters who lives in New York not long ago went to lecture in Atchison, the home of Mr. Howe. Having read his books and his paper "devoted to indignation and information," the New Yorker wanted to meet him and so told his hosts. To his surprise he was earnestly assured that he would do better to give up his wish. Mr. Howe, these neighbors said, was a morose, savage, destructive cynic, always against everything, calling the best things in Atchison the worst, and to the right people in town preferring the wrong ones. The wonder was, these neighbors said, that Atchison had stood Ed Howe so long!

The story, which makes us think less not of Mr. Howe but of Atchison, also has the effect of consoling us a little for his secession from our list. *The Nation*, in its modest fashion, is in the same boat with him. We gasp when he calls it a "grumbler." Who has rubbed more feathers the wrong way that Mr. Howe? Who has taken off more skin with merciless commentary? Who so much as he grumbles about the slack and stupid time? In the very column adjoining his remarks about *The Nation* he says, speaking of the failure of the government to keep the peace in Arkansas: "This is the 'American way,' and nothing can be done about it. . . . But they do things better in Italy." Then he praises the resolute behavior of the Fascisti.

That Mr. Howe and *The Nation* differ on many points of economics and of public policy we of course admit, pointing out, however, that the shoe of socialism with which he presents us does not fit us. But when he hints that critics ought to be punished for grumbling he makes us, after our first gasp, begin to laugh. He makes us, too, reflect upon the temper of grumblers everywhere. Are they, like some poets and singers, jealous of other methods than their own? It looks as if the man who has given time and strength to mastering the arts of grumbling comes to feel that he has a certain copyright. If others grumble in his presence they step on his toes and crowd him from the center of the stage. He suspects that his distinction in grumbling is challenged. Like a boy who is reciting his own grievances, he hates to be interrupted by the news that other people have grievances as well.

We propose to learn a lesson from this episode. We shall keep on reading *E. W. Howe's Monthly* with delight even though with disagreement, and like Mr. Howe we shall keep on grumbling when we think the circumstances warrant. And if ever we go to Atchison, we shall certainly see Mr. Howe if he is there to be seen, his neighbors to the contrary notwithstanding.

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The Coal Disgrace—and the Way Out

By ROBERT BRUÈRE

LIVING on the edge of the greatest coal fields in the world, millions of people in the manufacturing East have been suffering from the most disastrous coal shortage in our history. Throughout the upper Mississippi valley people have been freezing for want of coal, the railroads have been paralyzed, crops have been left to rot in the ground or piled at the freight sidings. Disease and death have risen to epidemic proportions.

On Washington's Birthday the New York City authorities decreed the closing of the schools for the remainder of the week because two thousand teachers were down with influenza and grippe. In Saratoga Springs the Commissioner of Public Safety, invoking the health laws of the State, overpowered the train crew and the railroad detectives and seized nine car loads of coal in a desperate effort to check the spread of grippe and pneumonia. General Goethals, State Fuel Administrator, denounced this "unauthorized" performance and said he would like to see its perpetrators in jail. Whereupon the State Senate passed resolutions inferentially rebuking the General for not having seized the coal himself, and a number of up-State communities served notice that unless they got prompt relief they would take the law into their own hands. Cries have been going up to Washington to place an embargo on all shipments of coal to Canada, and warnings have come across the border that Canada might retaliate by shutting off electric current from her side of Niagara. The chairman of the Pennsylvania Fuel Commission denounces "irresponsible firms" for unloading "fire-proof" coal on the market, and in all the cities steps have had to be taken to stop the shortweighting of hundred-pound bags for which the city poor normally pay at the rate of eighteen to twenty dollars a ton. We are witnessing the triumph of private initiative in the handling of a commodity as essential to the life of the community as water itself!

Amid this scandalous clamor of fuel administrators, railroad executives, State and municipal health officers, big and little coal dealers, fuel remains scarce, prices soar, and the victimized public continues to freeze, sicken, and die.

Victimized by whom?

The present coal shortage is not a new phenomenon. It has recurred not only with every hard winter and every prolonged cold snap, but also with every peak in industrial prosperity. It recurred with most menacing effect in the winter following our entrance into the war. Then the Federal Government saved the situation by taking over the railroads, setting up the Fuel Administration, and by a drastic system of priorities and price control averting disaster. But the Fuel Administration was not popular. It interfered too much with business-as-usual. Only the special appeal of war-time patriotism made it a go. Immediately after the armistice, the public yielded to the tremendous propaganda against government control of the coal supply. A loose-jointed imitation of the Fuel Administration, improvised by Washington and the States this winter, has been a failure. The railroads protest that they have been breaking their own best previous records for hauling coal; they blame the miners' strike for the shortage. The miners protest that the operators violated their agreement last spring and forced a strike with a view to creating just such a shortage as now exists and reaping a golden harvest at their expense and the public's. Local distributors protest that they have performed wonders in getting coal from the railroad yards to the consumers. On the face of the superficial record the operators, the railroads, the miners, and the local distributors, instead of being anathematized by the public, should presently be coming in for hero medals.

And—on the face of the superficial record—they all have a case. They have a case because the coal operators and the coal railroads have succeeded in keeping the public under the delusion that there is no practical escape from the present wasteful, costly, and antiquated system of hauling raw coal over slow and costly though profitable railroads to slow and costly distributing agencies for costly and inefficient consumption in ancient stoves and inconvenient furnaces in the individual factory or home. As a matter of fact there is no better reason why the individual home or factory should maintain its individual heating or power plant than there is for the maintenance of individual water systems. The present coal and fuel scandal will recur year after year in more or less acute form so long as the public submits to being mulcted in convenience, money, health, and life for the sake of maintaining a railroad and local distributing system that ought long ago to have been revolutionized from top to bottom.

Is revolution too strong a word? As used in this connection it is taken directly from a recent address of President Warren G. Harding. Referring to the superpower survey published by the Government in 1921 (Professional Paper 123), he said in opening the last session of Congress: "I am convinced that constructive measures calculated to promote such an industrial development—I am tempted to say, such an industrial revolution—would be well worthy the careful attention and fostering care of the national Government." This superpower survey and its recommendations have received curiously little publicity. The survey is a bulky document, packed full of technical data the immediate practical meaning of which it is hard for the layman to get at. It should be brought up to date, summarized in brief and intelligible form, and given the widest possible distribution. It might well be made the subject of special consideration by the United States Coal Commission. For while its authors show a peculiarly tender concern for the vested utility interests, they nevertheless demonstrate that a superpower system is not only feasible, but also that it offers the only possible escape from the recurrent fuel scandal.

Throughout the East, and to a great extent in the Middle West as well, coal to the domestic consumer means hard or anthracite coal. To him the distinction between anthracite and soft or bituminous coal is rather vague, except that he knows that soft coal is dirty, disagreeable to handle, that it smudges his town, and destroys his household goods. He does not realize that a ton of soft coal contains on the average, in addition to some five to ten thousand cubic feet of gas, two gallons of benzol, and eight gallons of tar, between twelve and fifteen hundred pounds of coke or smokeless coal. He does not realize that coal can be converted into electricity at the mines at two mills a kilowatt hour, and that with the proper utilization of the by-products of bituminous coal, steam electricity can on the aver-

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age be produced more cheaply in the greater part of the eastern section of the country than water-power or hydro-electricity. Especially he does not realize—for sedulous pains have been taken to keep him from realizing—that with a thoroughgoing development of such a superpower system as the superpower survey projects, he could get all the current he needs for lighting, cooking, the operation of his factory and household machinery, and in due course for household heating, directly by wire or gas pipe instead of in the crude form of raw coal and at a less price. Professional technicians still keep insisting that house heating by electricity can't be done economically. The Smithsonian Institution has recently printed a sumptuous booklet which says that it can't be done. Textbooks have been put into some public-school systems that warn children against expecting the impossible. But factories are beginning to raise steam by electricity; iron and other ores are being smelted by electricity; domestic hot-water heaters are already on the market. Given cheap current and house heating by electricity is bound to follow electric lighting.

But waiving this still-debated question, consider what the transformation of coal into electricity at the mine and the coordination of coal electricity with waterpower electricity would mean to the railroads, the factories, and the homes. Today from 40 to 60 per cent of the price which the consumer pays for the better grades of coal represents transportation costs, and the furnaces and stoves in common use waste nine-tenths of the consumer's fuel when he gets it. Electrification would take most of the coal which the railroads now haul out of their freight trains, to say nothing of the coal which the steam engines drag about in their tenders—some 30 per cent of our total annual production. Electric locomotives improve with cold weather, and neither cold nor snowstorms block the movement of current through the wires. Under an electric superpower system anthracite would become an industrial instead of a domestic fuel, because it is most efficient as a steam raiser. And assuming for the moment that even a superpower system based upon the conversion of anthracite into electricity at the mines, the by-product utilization of our rich deposits of bituminous coal, and the integration of coal electricity with waterpower electricity would not make electricity economically available for domestic heating—an excessively conservative assumption—coke would take the place of anthracite for domestic use and at worst the fuel tonnage that would have to be hauled would be greatly reduced. Fuel shortages and coal scandals would be a thing of the past.

Such a development is implicit in the survey which President Harding urged upon the fostering consideration of the national Government. It is not Utopian or a thing that still lies in the future. The mines themselves, especially the anthracite mines, are already extensively electrified. Under compulsion of public opinion, outraged by the devastating smoke nuisance, many of the major railroads have electrified the passenger terminals in the denser traffic centers, to their own profit and the great convenience of the public. Where there is freight enough to keep it busy the electric locomotive has demonstrated its decisive superiority over the steam engine. In Ontario more than two hundred cities, towns, and villages have combined in the development of a hydro-electric system on a magnificent scale and are getting their current at cost. With our vast and readily accessible coal fields coal electricity can be produced as cheaply under a proper by-product system as waterpower electricity. It is hardly ten years ago that by-product coke was considered unavailable as a substitute for bee-hive oven coke for metallurgical purposes; the experts were almost one voice in condemning it. Now 60 per cent of our metallurgical coke comes from by-product ovens. In view of all this practical evidence, Secretary Hoover, in an address before the Federated Engineering Societies, urged the engineers to shake off their professional conservatism and tackle the job in a big way. He is quoted as saying that the superpower system projected in the survey to which President Harding referred was the starting-point "for a prodigious development in consolidating the electric power of the country along national lines, which would affect every village and hamlet, combine into superpower stations thousands of minor electrical plants with millions of horsepower and tremendous savings." The thing is feasible. It is necessary. It offers the only escape from the recurrent coal scandal. In a small, privately controlled way it is being done.

Since it is not only necessary but feasible also, why have we not done with our coal what Ontario has done with her water power, why are our railroads not electrified, why must we rely to our grief upon costly and inefficient raw coal?

Ten years ago, Louis D. Brandeis, now Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, wrote a book which he named "Other People's Money." The book is a trenchant analysis of the manner in which the large investment bankers, through trusts and combinations and the establishment of what he calls "our financial oligarchy," have wrecked the railroads and throttled the development of kindred public utilities. Justice Brandeis goes into the facts showing how the investment bankers have trustified the anthracite coal fields and the anthracite railroads to their own great profit and the injury of the public. One of the major conclusions which his analysis establishes answers our question. "The great banking houses," he says, "have not only failed to initiate industrial development; they have definitely arrested development because to them the creation of the trusts is largely due." He shows how this conclusion applies to the history of the steamboat, the harvesting machine, the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the automobile, and the electrical industry. If he were writing today, he would no doubt show its application to the maintenance of a profitable though antiquated fuel and power system in the face of the public's desperate need of a superpower system.

Justice Brandeis argues for the curbing of the trusts in order that the initiative of the inventor and the man of small means may be freed. Everyone must agree that this is supremely desirable in the case of new inventions and all those industrial enterprises that are within the competence of the man of relatively small means. But who but the investment bankers or the public commands sufficient financial resources to utilize already existing inventions in the building of the vast superpower system for which President Harding and Secretary Hoover plead? In the case of the superpower system, as in the case of the super water supply, the choice is not, and in the nature of things cannot be, between private monopoly and small-scale private initiative; the choice inevitably lies between private monopoly and public development.

That is the choice which now confronts the public. Until the public makes its decision and demands action, fuel scandals and coal shortages will recur. Winter after winter, the price of inaction will be inconvenience, sickness, and death.

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Stopping War by Quitting It

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

I DON'T know that I entirely go along with Senator Borah's idea about the outlawing of war; but I happen to be familiar with the history of the origin and development of this idea in our national capital; and I rejoice in the defiance which it launches at the paltering pacifists of the League of Nations who weep about war and who then, in the Covenant of the League of Nations, instead of abolishing the cause of their tears, proceed to reenact it.

This idea of Senator Borah's—this idea of an Irreconcilable—says to these League of Nations half-hearts:

"Did you say peace? All right. Let's have it. And let's have it in the only way in which it has ever been continuously had among men. Let's have it by agreeing to submit our differences not to negotiators, not to diplomats, not to bargainers with guns on their hips, but to judges, to courts, to declarers of law. Are you ready? Let's go."

I rejoice in the approaching discomfiture of the fraudulent friends of peace who, while they have been talking to us about peace through the ministrations of Geneva, have not meant peace through peace but peace through the application of the consolidated war-force of the world's united imperialisms—peace in the Sarre by bayonets against the right of nationality, peace in Syria by bayonets against the right of self-determination, peace in the Dardanelles by the armed intrusion of strangers against the more weakly weaponed resistance of the local sovereignty.

Pretensions to peacefulness, accompanied by a total unwillingness to walk in the ways of peace, will soon become politically much more difficult and argumentatively much more hazardous and humiliating than in the past. The movement of which Senator Borah has taken the leadership will presently be knocking at the door of every important public man in the whole world and saying:

"Did you ever announce yourself against bloodshed? Very well. Say now that you are willing outrightly to outlaw bloodshed, and utterly to renounce it, as a means by which your country maintains its foreign policies. Say that you are willing to submit the claims of your country's foreign policies to the decrees of a tribunal of judicial justice. Say it, or stop pretending that you are anything but Sennacherib, Julius Caesar, Charlemagne, all over again. They all made peace—by war—followed by more peace made by more war—and then by more war. Now make peace by the only known true engine of peace: *law!* Decree the reign of law. By national act, and by international joint-act, decree the complete abolishment of war except for the repelling of actual physical invasion. In its place erect a code of the law of nations and submit yourself—just as in your nobler moments you would like to have your enemies in neighboring countries submit themselves—to the dictates of that code. Do this! Or let us have no more from you about the palpitations of your heart for the poor plowman whom you say you desire to see released from the trenches of war and peacefully pursuing the furrows of perpetual peace. Take your choice! Come out for law and courts and judicial decisions and peace, or admit in final compulsory frankness that you are for unabated national sovereignty and legally unchecked sovereign foreign policies and armed hagglings and bickerings in diplomatic international unjudicial conferences of force, and so for war—inevitable war! Take your choice—at last!"

I contemplate that day with undisguised delight. I know it will come; because I know the man who first in our day gave himself to this idea of the outlawry of war.

This man is Mr. S. O. Levinson of Chicago—a lawyer—with a firm fondness for law as the world's salvation. He had expected to support the League of Nations. That is, he had expected to do so while the words of the Covenant of the League of Nations were still at the bottom of the well of the Paris Conference.

He happened to be on a train going from Chicago to New York when he first saw a text of the "Covenant." He read it. He left the train at Harrisburg and proceeded to Washington. He arrived in an ecstasy of indignation against the "Covenant" and proceeded to the office of Senator Knox of Pennsylvania. Thereafter if Senator Knox ever failed for arguments against the League, Mr. Levinson brought up three new ones before the Senate met for the morning hour.

People were surprised to observe in Senator Knox's speeches a sort of pacifism going quite beyond—as they expressed it—the pacifism of the League of Nations. They used to twit him with refusing to accept what they regarded as the "moderate" proposals of the League while not refusing to accept—in fact vigorously advancing—an "extreme" idea tending toward eliminating war altogether.

This phenomenon in Senator Knox's speech was the joint-product of the minds of Senator Knox and of Mr. Levinson. In December of 1919 Senator Borah's mind was added to the collaboration.

The irony of the matter pleases me even when I may doubt some elements in the program which it has produced. I am charmed to remember—and now to bequeath to the remembrance of my readers—those three confirmed Irreconcilables, all bespattered with epithets of "isolationist" and "international reactionary" and "jingo" and "war-lover" and "blood-letter," sitting down to devise the proposal which in time would demonstrate that it was not they, but precisely their opponents, who favored the further continuance of war and the further effusion of blood.

To their developing propaganda I contributed—from the seat of a more or less doubting Thomas—one sentence which in the midst of all doubts I was obliged to concede to the compulsions of manifest truth. It was, it is, this: "There is no path through a lawless world to a warless world."

Law or war! I see no third choice.

Presently Mr. Levinson's eloquence—his insistence—his indefatigable argumentativeness—his undeniable sincerity—and his undeniable determination to convey his arguments to all ears whether open by nature or needing opening with an oyster-hook—gave him a convert in the person of our greatest passionate orator: Raymond Robins.

With William E. Borah promoting the outlawry of war in the forum of the Senate and of the Washington newspaper dispatches, and with Raymond Robins promoting it in tireless tours from town to town in all known and unknown regions of the United States before cheering uplifted audiences, and with S. O. Levinson vibrating with an endless supply of fresh clinching arguments in the background, I confidently predict that here we have something that is not a flash in the pan but a flame that will spread and spread from the prairies of America till it touches the towers of the topmost pretenses of Europe's diplomacy.

[*The text of Senator Borah's resolution appears on page 279 of this issue.*]

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These United States—XXIV*

PENNSYLVANIA: Still a Keystone

By REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

GIVEN a chance or making it—but particularly making it—the Indianian proclaims himself a Hoosier, the San Franciscan announces his Californian birth. That Southerner whose father came from Naples yells when the band plays "Dixie," and the New Yorker is ostentatious in his ignorance of anything west of Riverside Drive. Why is Pennsylvania diffident?

In a world so mixed as this of 1923, metaphors cannot escape the general *mélange*. We Pennsylvanians—and the politico-economic "we" means, of course, the controlling majority—used to speak of our commonwealth as the Keystone State. It is still that; but we don't say so. We don't say anything about it, and our silence is a symptom of our disease; nevertheless, we hope that ours will become the Keynote State, and therein lies our chance of cure. For we are suffering from over-immunization against the present epidemic of radicalism, and so soon as we are convinced that the plague has run its course, or that at least we are safe, we shall recover from our reaction. We trust that the orchestra of the Union will tune its instruments to ours; but *we* are going to be right, anyway.

"It seems to me," wrote *The Nation's* managing editor, "that you might effectively give Pennsylvania her place as the keystone of the American industrial edifice. Leaving out New York, it cannot be questioned that Pennsylvania is the most important State in the Union. One can well imagine any other withdrawn without affecting our national life. Upon the steel and coal of Pennsylvania has been built our vast economic structure—indeed, Wall Street is but the retail office of the power that comes from Pennsylvania."

The truth, but not the whole truth. He might have added that Lancaster County is agriculturally the richest land of its extent in the world, and that Chester and Berks and Bucks are not far behind. Nowhere is there a valley like our Donegal, scarcely anywhere such food as comes thence: the fat sausages, the gray pork puddings, the mush, the sauerkraut, the scrapple, proud capons and mighty beeves, cream cheese and cottage, meat-jellies, and apple-butter boiled in vast cauldrons over veritable conflagrations—we live well and grow fat on them among things good to look upon. Our lowlands are yellow with the grain or green with the tobacco; the Alleghenies, the Tuscaroras, the Blue Ridge—to learn them is to lose your taste for the ruder Rockies; our Susquehanna is as beautiful as the Rhine and more beautiful than the Hudson.

Out of the beauty that is ours and the wealth, we have, indeed, extracted what the journalist just quoted precisely describes as "the very essence of American feudalism, imperialism, materialism." But not all at once. In production, the State has held its own; my thirty-five years' old school geography adequately describes the Pennsylvania of today. As to mental and moral changes, most that was written of us in the eighties would still apply: our thinking people, and those wise enough to know that they don't think, have not, thank God, gone far in the direction that those who think they think call "forward." But socially we used to be paternalistic, whereas, though we need not, we have become indeed imperial and, consequently, material. We have stepped too far aside to avoid modernism, when, really, it is less annoying to stand quiet, or to go back, until this year of grace shall have become "one with yesterday's sev'n thousand years."

A pugilist that I know puts it: "Pennsylvania's lost her pep." The protest against industrialism we have met with more industrialism; and industrialism has sorely wounded our enthusiasm. Now we can manufacture everything save that. Lately, we have produced only Woolworth and the five-and-ten-cent store, which, in turn, gave New York the biggest building in the world. Repeat the name of Keith to our average citizen; you will evoke no mention of Sir William, the first royal governor to espouse the popular cause: what you will evoke is a reference to that enterprising person who brought "refined vaudeville" to the Quaker City.

"Where," inquired a French friend of mine, "is Independence Hall?"

And a native Philadelphian answered: "Downtown, near the Curtis Publishing Company Building."

"For unknown geological reasons," says Lesley, "Pennsylvania is peculiar for exhibiting the Paleozoic system in its maximum development." For clearly discernible historical reasons, Pennsylvania's natural state was long paternalistic. Not only did the 1681 grant of Charles II give William Penn the patriarchal powers conferred by most royal grants; its recipient wisely, for all his immediate erection of popular suffrage, proceeded to administer his powers paternally. One of the greatest of advertising geniuses, he saw that his immigration prospectuses went to a list that, enormous as it was, was carefully "selective." He made his "holy experiment" upon people chosen for its success: in bestowing liberty of conscience, it is well to be sure that the freedmen are a sort whose ideas of liberty will not conflict with one's own. The land that had been given by the King had to be taken from the Indians: the English Quakers only sometimes cheated them; the Scotch-Irish Presbyterians only sometimes massacred them; the French Huguenots left them alone; the Swiss and German Quietists made friends with them. Then all these elements patterned their microcosms after the Proprietor's Manor.

An Englishman's house might be his castle: a Pennsylvanian's land was his kingdom. He held it in fief to an emperor vaguely personified in the Commonwealth, to whom he paid certain taxes and to whose general laws he was amenable; but he was its liege lord. Notwithstanding its

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This is the twenty-fourth article in the series entitled These United States. William Allen White wrote on Kansas, April 19; H. L. Mencken on Maryland, May 3; Beulah Amidon Ratliff on Mississippi, May 17; Dorothy Canfield Fisher on Vermont, May 31; Edmund Wilson, Jr., on New Jersey, June 14; Murray E. King on Utah, June 28; Ludwig Lewisohn on South Carolina, July 12; Anne Martin on Nevada, July 26; Sherwood Anderson on Ohio, August 9; Robert Herrick on Maine, August 23; Arthur Warner on Delaware, September 6; E. E. Miller on Tennessee, September 20; George P. West on California, October 4; Zona Gale on Wisconsin, October 18; Leonard Lanson Cline on Michigan, November 1; Basil Thompson on Louisiana, November 15; Ernest H. Gruening on New York: I. The City, November 29; Johan J. Smertenko on Iowa, December 13; John Macy on Massachusetts, December 27; Clement Wood on Alabama, January 10; Hayden Carruth on South Dakota, January 24; Charles H. Chapman on Oregon, February 7, and Robert Watson Winston on North Carolina, February 21.

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religious precepts, the Society of Friends was composed of feudal-minded individuals, and the Friends' neighbors were their political brothers.

When, in the Maryland Border War, unarmed John Wright met the raiders alone, he was protecting that which was John Wright's, and, although his reading of the riot act was performed in his character of royal magistrate, it was his sermon as a Quaker owner that induced the invaders to down arms and help him with his harvest. Lord Hardwick's decision in chancery and Mason and Dixon's subsequent survey did divide the North and South, but they also "confirmed the original claims of Penn" and protected the border dependencies of his dependents. Even the Revolution respected the paternalistic point of view; the annulment of the old charter in 1778 carried a payment of £130,000 in satisfaction of the Penn demands.

Until time within living memory, there was no substantial change in the Pennsylvanian attitude. The French and Indian alliance compelled a synthesis between non-resistance and self-protection; the balance swung toward self-protection in the Revolution, and self-protection became patriotism. The State's war records are among its proudest; but even its defense of the Underground Railway was in part a defense by individuals maintaining the sanctity of their own bits of earth. Until twenty-five years ago, we Pennsylvania-Dutch always referred to a large landholder as *König* So-and-So.

And, in the old days, the administration of those little kingdoms was beneficent. First on the farm, then at the mill, and finally in the mine, it was a point of honor and a badge of pride that one's employees should be contented. We had our "coal families" that owned the fuel-veins, our iron and steel families that worked the ore-banks and ran the furnaces; one clan possessed a little mountain-range and kept its hold on the lumber until the great rafts had escaped rock and rapids as far south as Peach Bottom or Port Deposit. Homestead is a red blot, but, excepting that and a few minor outbreaks in abolition days, there have been, even to this date, only four bloody internal disturbances: the Whiskey Rebellion, the affair of the Molly Maguires, and a couple of sanguinary railway strikes. My Marxian friends to the contrary notwithstanding, the workers were better educated than now—knew just as well what was good for them and yet were satisfied: they had no chains to lose and, consequently, no ambition to gain a world.

Later immigration was slow to affect the old order. The Germans that came to us in the nineteenth century were largely law-abiding Western Catholics; so were the Irish, and so have been most of the Italians that followed these. Our later Hungarians and Poles stand in the same faith, and our Russian and Serb miners, our Greek confectioners and bootblacks, and our Syrian merchants are Eastern Orthodox: they obey the catechism of Platon of Moscow.

It was the employers themselves that made the change. Not even a manifestation of economic determinism did it. The feudal holdings of life's necessities were so large a proportion of the whole nation's store that the holders could have maintained their position. They simply didn't want to.

We still boast an entire town making chocolate under family rule: it is a survival. Most of us went corporation-mad. The Pennsylvania Railroad became the best railway in America, and it was too much for us industrially; John Wanamaker happened into the Bon Marché, and our retail system, though bettered in twenty particulars, could never be the same again. We opened our gates to the new movement; the mountains were "lumbered" above until naked; they were mined below until city streets caved in: for years the story of Pennsylvania was that of any other business State. Many a mine-owner lost his badge; combinations of capital produced combinations of labor. Then we discovered that among other guests whom we had invited was the radical. It was the reaction of our paternalistic inheritance to this discovery that produced our present plight.

The process pursued in our economics had to be pursued in our politics. There has been a deal of nonsense talked about them: representative government is still on trial; our sort has not been the best imaginable, but we considered it plenty good enough for us and long perpetuated it. Mark Sullivan, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, once blamed our Quietists: he said they wouldn't interfere to set up their own ideals. He was wrong. Our Quietists do not interfere for the excellent reason that their ideals have been set up. When their ideals are endangered, they go to the polls.

The Amishman is the standard type of our non-voter, yet he was the silent cause of the abnormally large Republican vote cast in Pennsylvania at the Congressional elections of 1918. After them, an Amishman came to Columbia—which, as Wright's Ferry, escaped from being Washington by one vote in the Continental Congress—to attend the funeral of a brother who had "turned Methodist." Another brother, turned member of the Church of God, sat beside the coffin. During the services, the Amishman plucked this one's sleeve.

"Well," he said, "we done it, ain't?"

"Done what?" asked the backslider to the Church of God.

"Woted," explained the Quietist. "Sink o' this here Wilson tellin' us a Democrat Conkress had ought to be elected: him sendin' word to us yet, orderin' us how to wote—*we woted!*"

No, we Pennsylvanians were the satisfied subjects of paternalism: Stevens died on a Tuesday in the August of 1868; the Lancaster County Republican primaries for the nomination of a Congressman had been set for that Saturday; no candidates would present themselves while the body of the representative whom the people loved remained above ground; the voters knew that he was dead, yet, when the ballots were counted, it was found that everyone had been deposited for Thaddeus Stevens.

The Cameron Dynasty, father and son, ruled us to our taste. Quay was their heir; even his factional rivals like now to think that no other State has produced so great a master of political strategy. Then Penrose came, Harvard *magna cum laude*, holder of the bequeathed power *magna cum laude*, too. But at his death there was the fear of the radical. Heretical *tirailleurs* were advancing toward the electoral field of the coming gubernatorial contest, and, at the primaries, there were the schismatic Vares from Philadelphia. Being conservatives, the paternalists followed a well-worn recipe: they chose as their candidate a man that the onward-lookers believed to be a vessel of Progressivism, but a vessel that the Organization believed to be by no means full of that liquor. Far from being the triumph for reform that it was heralded as being, Pinchot's nomination was due to the 5,000 votes given him by Buck Devlin, the Penrose boss of the Eighth Philadelphia Ward—Penrose's own.

Over-immunization. The Pittsburgher journeying into

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Canada puts a full flask in his suit-case. If that Act which Miss Laura Volstead so ably drafted for her father depended upon the majority of our Pennsylvania voters, it would not be invalidated: it would be decapitated. We are not for things as they are; certainly not for things as they threaten to be elsewhere; we are so much for things as they were with us that we are a bit rough-handed.

Our conservatism best exhibits itself socially, our over-immunization in education, science, and the arts. The Lincolns of Berks County, who sound their second *l*, were not asked to Reading charity balls just because their kinsman became President; the clan that forbade a marriage with the young Carnegie because he was "in business" would not have changed its mind when he became the man that could not die poor; Market Street is still a dead-line in Philadelphia, and the Dunker farmer knows the Christian name of the least important of his great-great-grandfather's brothers-in-law.

"Mom," asked Joe Ritner's children, after their father's election in 1835, "are we *all* governors now?"

"No," answered the Governor's wife: "only me an' pop."

That concept of the family remains among us, and with it the old concept of chivalry. If you are a woman, Pennsylvania is a good State in which to kill your husband; in substituting barbarous electrocution for dignified hanging, we have not extended our acceptance of woman's rights to her right to death when she has taken up the sword; but if you are a man, you had better do all your murders in New Jersey.

Of course, at least in the countryside and the small towns, we have remained a friendly folk and tolerant. The Quakers are passing, but the Mennonites in their shovel-hats, the Amish—the "Beardy Men"—in the brown homespun that bears hooks-and-eyes instead of buttons, because "buttons is a wanity": they reap by turn, for each helps his neighbor bring the harvest in. Does the girl cashier in the county town embezzle a little money? She was underpaid: we raise her salary, and she makes restitution on the instalment plan. We have little drifting labor, and our jails are seldom full.

Nevertheless, we are answering our radicals with more of what they object to. It is denied that Bryn Mawr uses an expurgated Iliad or bans "Othello" because of that dark warrior's love for a white lady; but the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School of Finance cannot be concealed, and our "business colleges" are a contradiction in terms the most thorough in the world. We have more kinds of religion than any other State, but our most popular preacher's most popular sermon is called "Acres of Diamonds." James M. Beck is in Washington; John G. Johnson is dead, and the world-wide proverb about a Philadelphia lawyer with him. The Da Costas, the Solis-Cohens, De Schweinitz, and Keen did not graduate from our medical schools yesterday; it is a long time since Henri, Sloan, Parrish, and Scofield left our Academy of the Fine Arts. The Philadelphia Orchestra flourishes, but many a Pennsylvania town has 12,000 population and no library. Out of such hands as Wister's the literary tradition has passed into those of Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer.

Is all this a mere lament for "the good old times"? It is. But it must not end in a dirge: it must rise to a fanfare. For Pennsylvania is that State of life unto which it has pleased God to call me, and I love it; in its kindly earth lie the bones of all my people for the past two hundred years and more: my own bones will lie easily nowhere else. Again, then, the truth, but not the whole truth: I have tried to tell what Pennsylvania peculiarly is; what she will be is another matter. Economically there will be little change for long, radical or other. But spirit is more important than economics, and stronger: already there are signs of a return to former ways.

Charles M. Schwab wanted to move a house; in the route stood a tree that his mother loved: he had the house lifted over the tree. There is something more than materialism in our capitalists.

In that something-more in everything about us waits our salvation. Even now our farmers have ceased buying gold-mine stock. The black smoke is not symbolic of Pittsburgh; Philadelphia holds promise of deserving again the priceless epithet of "slow." In Scranton, Altoona, Columbia, York, Lancaster, and Bethlehem men and women are getting drunk once more, and drunkenness is one of the commonest, if most misdirected, expressions of divine discontent.

We procure our beer, though we must drink it quietly. Our people don't want to marry either above or beneath them. Welfare-work and the pension-system are softening the Pharaoh-heart of Labor. In our Episcopalianism the Highs have it; Bishop Darlington is friendly with the Eastern Orthodox; Western Catholicism gains converts; Zionism has returned hundreds of Pennsylvania Jews to their fathers' faith; our Lutherans are beginning to think of what they call their Orders; Methodists have "vested choirs." The day may yet dawn when we shall recover form in the arts, and when the rich man of a small town will again support it rather than exploit it. After all, the Republican Organization is still in power: our next Governor after Pinchot will not even seem to be a Progressive.

Over-autonomic-immunization against certain specific disease-tendencies: S. Solis-Cohen, who belled that cat, has given it a beautiful name—vaso-motor-ataxia. It is significant that he is himself a Pennsylvanian; his disease, as I have said, is Pennsylvania's trouble. But Cohen, in his contribution to the Osler Seventieth Birthday volume, bears hope:

"The writer has felt justified in reassuring patients who —presenting marked autonomic disorders, and aware of tendencies to tuberculosis or carcinoma in their families— have expressed a fear of developing cancer or consumption, by telling them that they are protected; that they are, in all probability, suffering from an 'excess of protection.' Thus far, the assurance of immunity, the prediction of safety, has not proved false in any known instance."

With us Pennsylvanians, the malady is only mental. When our subconsciousness has been convinced of our immunity, we shall resume the paternalistic attitude in everything possible; we shall return to—*normalcy*.

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT BRUÈRE, director of the Bureau of Industrial Research, is the author of "The Coming of Coal."

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REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN was born in Columbia, Pennsylvania, where he still lives. He is the author of many books and has been connected with the Philadelphia *Press* and the *North American*. During the Peace Conference he was a member of a mission representing the Republican National Committee at Paris.

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Bayonet Rule for Our Colonial Press

By ARTHUR WARNER

(The Nation's Special Correspondent in the Caribbean)

St. Thomas, February 10

AN incident culminated just as I reached the Virgin Islands which is so illuminative of our muddled methods in this nook of the Caribbean that it is worth a letter in itself—and at once. The incident would be bad enough if it stood alone. Unfortunately, it is only one of a series which indicates a settled determination to control the press of the islands by making any editor walk the plank in old-time sea fashion if he writes anything displeasing to the officers of the United States Navy who administer the government under a hastily drawn law that makes them probably the most absolute and undisputed pooh-bahs governing any people anywhere at the present time.

There is a newspaper printed three times a week in St. Thomas known as the *Emancipator*. It is edited by Rothschild Francis in behalf of the local labor group that is organized as part of the American Federation of Labor. It is even less radical than the majority of newspapers published by members of the A. F. of L. in the United States, but it has none the less fallen into official disfavor because of its habit of speaking in what it regards as the interest of the workers and the Virgin Islanders as a whole, even when its view differs from that which emanates from Government House. On November 27, last, when Mr. Francis was in the United States, the associate editor of the *Emancipator*, Thomas F. H. Morenga-Bonaparte, who is a British subject, published an article on the police. It contained nothing libelous or actionable under the law; probably the strongest paragraph in the article was the following:

> It is no gainsaying the fact that something is wrong with our Police Department; of course we cannot rightly use the word force, for we would be wrong in so doing. A police force is made up not only of men with heads on and wearing stripes, badges, uniforms, or civilian clothes; but brains in the men's heads coupled with discretion are the main factors of such a responsible body. . . . The holes in the Police Department should be darned.

As a result of this mild display of pyrotechnics a letter was dispatched next day to Mr. Morenga-Bonaparte as follows:

> A meeting of the Police Commission will be held in Christiansfort at 10 a.m., Wednesday, November 29, 1922, for the purpose of considering certain published statements which bear your name. If you care to be present at this time to give such information as you may have to the commission, in justification of your public statements, you are hereby informed that you will be afforded an opportunity at the time and place mentioned.

Mr. Morenga-Bonaparte responded and, although the Police Commission is not a judicial body, it put the editor under oath and proceeded to question him. (It should be said in behalf of the Police Commission that it permitted Mr. Morenga-Bonaparte to have counsel.) Deliberations in regard to the editor continued until January 31, when Captain Henry H. Hough, Governor of the Islands, signed an order to the Sheriff of St. Thomas declaring that "the deportation of Thomas F. H. Morenga-Bonaparte, a native of Grenada, British West Indies, is hereby authorized."

No public announcement was made of this decision at the time, nor was Mr. Morenga-Bonaparte informed of it, but the news leaked out that he was to be sent back to his native land on the first steamship, and friends of the young man circumvented the proposed action by packing him off by sail-boat to the nearby British island of Tortola to await the outcome of a projected legal fight.

When I asked Governor Hough about the deportation order he resented the inquiry and declared that it exceeded the legitimate bounds of an interview. He declined to specify what part of the article by Mr. Morenga-Bonaparte the government objected to, saying that all he was willing to disclose was that the editor had proved himself an undesirable alien and his deportation had been ordered in conformity with the laws of the Virgin Islands. I was furnished with a document from which it appears that the American officials in the Virgin Islands in 1923 have gone back to a law passed for the kingdom of Denmark in 1827 in order to show legal sanction for getting rid of the associate editor of a four-page newspaper nine by twelve inches in size, because now and then it emits a note of dissonance in the paean of praise for the administration which others constantly raise in order to hold their jobs, conserve their business, or maintain their social position in these islands ruled by the white uniforms and brass buttons of the Navy. In the odd English of the official translator, the ancient Danish law reads:

> As this Ordinance only abolish the punishment of deportation or exile but not the deportation which is only a Police measure against aliens, therefore the Laws and Ordinances according to which aliens can be deported from the realm of the King remain unchanged in cases when the person, either on account of position or previous behavior or for the want of proper passport or identification ought not to be received in the realm, and also those who by their behavior forfeit their right in this regard, and those who, before having acquired the right of native settlement, become unable to support themselves.

Of course the true inwardness of the action lies in the fact that the editor of the newspaper is a native of the Virgin Islands and cannot be deported. Advantage was taken of his absence, therefore, and of the fact that the associate editor was an alien, to teach the *Emancipator* and the rest of the press that a journalist in the Virgin Islands click his heels at the nod of the lords of Government House.

As suggested at the outset, the incident would be bad enough if it were unique. But it isn't. Less than a year ago the same *Emancipator* received a threat of censorship from the island officials—commented upon by *The Nation* at the time—because of an article reflecting upon the conduct of the United States marines in Santo Domingo, and it has received no official advertising since. The editor of the St. Thomas *Mail Notes* has been fined and imprisoned for an editorial utterance. On the island of St. Croix, D. Hamilton Jackson, labor leader and editor of the *Herald*, was sentenced for contempt because of an article, but an appeal is pending. His acting editor, a British subject, was imprisoned for one article, and for another was deported.

The moral? Simply this, that it is time to pull the Navy out of the Virgin Islands and establish a civil government consonant with American ideas of justice and independence.

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Words

By STUART CHASE

EVERY year there are printed in these States one quadrillion eight hundred trillion words. This unthinkable total measures—conservatively I believe—the annual output of our printing presses in the forms of newspapers, periodicals, books, pamphlets, reports, catalogues, circulars, handbills, leaflets, tracts, and advertising matter generally. The New York morning *World* contains between 150,000 and 200,000 words, including advertisements. But the *World* is bulkier than many other papers. If we estimate the average newspaper at 100,000 words, and allow a ten per cent overlay for Sunday editions, it follows that the daily newspaper circulation of forty million copies in the United States carries to the eager reader 1,600,000,000,000,000 words in a year's time. This figure I have double-checked by taking the consumption of newsprint paper annually. The Department of Commerce tells us that two million short tons of newsprint are used each year. This is the equivalent of four billion pounds. The *World* runs nearly 500,000 words to the pound—including ink. Discounting the ink, and allowing a 20 per cent margin for waste, it is evident that four billion pounds of newsprint, at 400,000 words to the pound, will produce 1,600 trillion words—precisely the round figure we arrived at on the circulation basis. I think we can conclude therefore that somewhere around one and one-half quadrillion words appear on newsprint annually.

The Department of Commerce further tells us that about one million tons of "book paper"—which is also used for magazines, reports, pamphlets, and other printed matter—is consumed each year. A similar calculation based on an average selection of the number of words per pound in books and magazines (around 100,000) reveals the fact that another 200 trillion words appear in the latter form—or a ratio of one to eight as compared with newsprint words.

The grand total, not counting signboards and automobile license plates, thus comes to somewhere between 1.8 and 2 quadrillion words per year.

A tidy figure this. These words, on the basis of 30 to the linear foot, would form a string 11 billion miles long. They would stretch almost around the solar system—a distance greater than the orbit of Uranus and not quite as great as that of Neptune, the farthest planet. It would take a shell nearly 500 years to travel from one headline to its companion across the diameter of this orbit.

If you sat down to read all these words without pausing for food or sleep, you would throw down the last Chicago *Tribune* when you were little over 45 million years old.

The average annual quota of words per capita of those able to read is 18 million, or 60 thousand words per day. Thus if the population of these States is to absorb its quota of printed words, every man, woman, and child over seven must read steadily about eight hours every day—not counting Macaulays who can read a single page at a glance.

This majestic output has resulted in a state of enlightenment familiar to all, the triumph at once of democracy, of Mr. Hearst, of Mr. Wrigley, and of the manufacturers of wood-pulp paper.

The next article in the series These United States will be Texas: The Big Southwestern Specimen, *by George C. Edwards.*

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has often been reproached for his lack of interest in public affairs. Recently one of his friends became particularly eloquent: "Look at you," he said scornfully, "what sort of a citizen are you? You won't inform yourself about politics, any pretext serves as an excuse for you not to vote, you don't read a newspaper—except for the Mutt and Jeff cartoons—from one week's end to another. All you do is just drift along." It was all too true; the Drifter bowed his head meekly under the abuse and did not even argue that he would have been glad to read about Andy Gump and his family except that no New York paper was clever enough to print their doings. He determined to reform; that very morning, he resolved, he would begin to read the morning paper that he had carried under his arm unread for so many mornings.

* * * * *

AND he was amply rewarded for his pains! On the very front page he found entertainment and instruction enough to last a month. The story was a long and especially featured one; the scene was the Senate of the United States; matters were proceeding thus:

> On the floor when night fell stood John Sharp Williams . . . his voice rising and falling as emphasis required. . . . The Vice-President of the United States is sunk in his chair, his eyes betraying the absence of his interest. A restless Senator pushes through the swinging door leading . . . under the galleries. He yawns, shoves his hand deeper in his pockets—goes back. . . . One man, Senator Jones, sits doggedly in his seat on the otherwise deserted Republican side. One other, Senator McKellar, is slumped in his seat on the Democratic side. Neither is listening. Both are watching, Jones is watching for any let-up in the ceaseless flow of oratory that will give him a chance to shove the President's ship-subsidy bill into the foreground. McKellar is watching for Williams to quit, whereupon McKellar, it was agreed, will get up and go on from where Williams will have left off.

* * * * *

THERE was much more to the story; like the filibuster it went on and on. The Drifter mused how he should relate the event to his grand-nieces and nephews: "And this, my children, was government; it was not a debating society or a contest in breath control; these were the sober, adult legislators whom your father and your mother and even I singled out by our votes to carry on the business of a nation of 110,000,000 persons; nay, more, we paid them seven and a half thousand dollars every year out of our own pockets to perform their duties, and we allowed them to write 'Honorable' before their names, and we went to crowded meetings at which they were speakers and gave expensive banquets at which they were the guests of honor. Were these not quaint customs in those far-away days? Bring me my rug, for even June breezes are cold on these old knees."

* * * * *

THE Drifter is quite willing to admit that his friend was right, and his own life will be conducted differently henceforth. Newspapers should be read; votes for public men who will conduct themselves in this manner are not lost; the citizens of this republic should most certainly take an interest in affairs; for life at best is dull, and where could more exquisite comedy be found than this?

THE DRIFTER

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Correspondence

Mr. Wilson's Word

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am surprised that in the continuing discussion of the question as to whether or not President Wilson knew about the existence of the so-called "secret treaties" before he went to Paris, no mention is being made of the specific information upon this point given by Mr. Burton J. Hendrick in his "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page." In Volume II, page 267, appear the following paragraphs:

> One of the first things which Mr. Balfour did, on his arrival in Washington, was personally to explain to President Wilson about the so-called "secret treaties." The "secret treaty" that especially preyed upon Mr. Wilson's mind, and which led to a famous episode at the Versailles Conference, was that which had been made with Italy in 1915, as consideration for Italy's participation in the war. Mr. Balfour, in telling the President of these territorial arrangements with Italy, naturally did not criticize his Ally, but it was evident that he regarded the matter as something about which the United States should be informed.
>
> "This is the sort of thing you have to do when you are engaged in war," he explained, and then he gave Mr. Wilson the details.

Again, on pages 346 and 347, in describing Mr. Taft's interview with President Wilson on the occasion of the proposed visit of the former to England, Mr. Hendrick states that Mr. Wilson "at once declared that it (the proposed visit) met with his strongest disapproval. . . . The motives of the United States in this war, the President continued, 'were unselfish, but the motives of Great Britain seemed to him to be of a less unselfish character.'" Mr. Hendrick then goes on to say:

> Mr. Wilson cited the treaty between Great Britain and Italy as a sample of British statesmanship which he regarded as proving this contention. The President's reference to this Italian treaty has considerable historic value; there has been much discussion as to when the President first learned of its existence, but it is apparent from this conversation with ex-President Taft that he must have known about it on December 12, 1917, for President Wilson based his criticism of British policy largely upon this Italian convention.

The question as to how this specific testimony is to be reconciled with Mr. Wilson's specific statement in the White House to the Senatorial Committee that he had never heard of the "secret treaties" until he arrived in Paris, is an interesting one. That is, if there is really any question at all!

New York, February 15 JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Henry the Magnificent

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with great interest Mr. Andrews's article on Henry Ford in your issue of January 24, and I think it may interest your readers to learn of some of his activities in this section.

Some years ago the Government built a dam on the Mississippi River at a point where it forms the boundary line between St. Paul and Minneapolis. The power to be developed at this dam was to be divided between Minneapolis, St. Paul, and the University of Minnesota. The two cities mentioned, being unable to agree on the development of the power, St. Paul took the matter of development up with Henry Ford with the result that Ford has bought a large tract of land in that city near the dam, has made application to the Federal Power Commission to develop power, and promises, if he is successful, to erect a plant for the manufacture of his famous brand of automobiles.

He has entirely captivated the "Babbitts" of St. Paul and is weakening the morale of the people of Minneapolis so that they are no longer a unit in demanding the development of this power for themselves.

As a final touch, he succeeded in having the court-house of Hennepin County thrown open as a place of registration for those residents of Minneapolis who would like to work for him at $6 a day, not for immediate employment, but only *if* and *when* he is awarded the power at the dam. On the first day he registered over eight thousand people. The crowd completely filled the court-house and other business was suspended. Can you conceive of any other employer getting away with such a scheme? He will have at least ten thousand men, representing about forty thousand people, all in this city, actively working for him and forming a tremendous public sentiment against any disposal of this power except to Henry Ford!

Minneapolis, February 10 PHILIP S. BROWN

In Defense of Modest Altschuler

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The article by Henrietta Straus in *The Nation* of February 14 deals with a situation that undoubtedly deserves attention. Unfortunately, however, it only scratches the surface and obviously proves that the writer is scarcely more than theoretically conversant with the subject she treats. There is, among other inaccuracies both of assertion and judgment in Miss Straus's article, one that I wish to correct, namely, her very cavalier statement that "a fine orchestral body like the Russian Symphony was allowed to dwindle away into a shadow under the leadership of a man whose only qualification for the post left vacant by Safonov seemed to be his nationality." Mr. Altschuler, a man of the highest ideals, until recently devoted his entire American career to unceasing endeavors to establish the Russian Symphony as a permanent organization. That he was unable to do so was because of lack of financial backing. No one was interested enough to give him what he wanted, the obvious inference being, one might fairly hint, that he may have been deficient in the niceties of social intriguing that has proved so beneficial to certain of his more fortunate colleagues. As a result, Mr. Altschuler has always been forced to engage whatever musicians he could find idle, since the precarious financial condition of his enterprises made it impossible for him to secure the highest class of New York orchestral talent. It is because of this condition, and also on account of his abbreviated seasons, spent mostly on tour, that the Russian Symphony has finally ceased to function as an integral part of New York musical affairs, and not because of any shortcomings of its conductor.

It is common knowledge that nearly all the younger generation of New York symphony musicians received their first experience from Mr. Altschuler during his less unprosperous years. It is also well known that nearly all the notable Russian music that is featured sensationally on American symphony programs of today, not to mention numerous Russian artists and virtuosi that he brought to this country, was first introduced to the American public by Mr. Altschuler. The artists whose debuts he sponsored simply followed the time-honored course of all artists, and went where the most money was. Our other conductors with unlimited opportunity and backing have appropriated much of his program material, but none, with one or two exceptions, can give it any better than could Modest Altschuler were their resources at his disposal. For Russian music at least is Mr. Altschuler's métier. Mr. Altschuler has also repeatedly stated that it was of no use for him to play Beethoven and other standard music because he could not compete with the better orchestras and preferred not to try.

If one has the finer sensibility that can only belong to true musical colleagues who are not given to ill-considered damnations, Mr. Altschuler's gradual retirement to comparative obscurity in this hectic country of conductor-complexes can only be regarded as pathetic. He is not the only sufferer at the hands of similar adversity. Arnold Volpe, the author of the scheme for Stadium concerts, saw his work taken from him and put into other hands. Which leads one to suggest that the test of a conductor's security nowadays seems to be the extent of his ability to subordinate his own ideas to those of his employers,

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no matter which may be the more desirable. The fire which characterized Mr. Altschuler's earlier performances may have died down into an indifferent smolder in recent years, but most of his contemporaries who play to sold-out houses would long ago have relapsed into bitterness and disgust had their careers been so beset with obstacles as was his.

New York, February 10 ALLAN LINCOLN LANGLEY

For German Art and Science

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is well known that universities and scientists in Austria and Germany are in dire need. They are suffering not only physically, but also intellectually. Appeals without number reach us, setting forth the distress of scientific institutions and societies whose activities are important for the scientific achievements of the future.

To alleviate this situation, the Emergency Society for German and Austrian Science and Art has been organized. Since 1920 it has contributed to the maintenance of scientific work in Austria and Germany by assisting institutions and by furnishing means for research and publication. The society is working in close cooperation with the "Notgemeinschaften österreichischer und deutscher Wissenschaft," which embrace all Austrian and German universities and scientific institutions of importance.

All funds received by this society are transmitted and distributed without delay and thus enable scholars and scientists to carry on their studies. The need of such help is acknowledged by the League of Nations.

We sincerely hope that every one who reads this letter will help us in our work by joining the society or by a contribution, and by the encouragement which such cooperation will give to those in distress in these afflicted countries.

Checks should be made payable to James Speyer, Treasurer, and sent to F. W. J. Heuser, Columbia University, New York.

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and others.

New York, February 20

An Unbusinesslike Masterpiece

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Kindly take our school, Leonard Hall, off the files of your paper; we do not want *The Nation* to enter our school any more. It is sad, indeed, to think that men of the mental caliber of those who picked the "best" poem, should have picked one that is an insult to all Catholics, Jews, and, I believe, Christians of most all denominations. There is enough in this world to make sport of and scoff at without doing it to God and His chosen servants. While the given poem might be, as far as poetry only is concerned, a masterpiece, it was too diabolical to publish in any paper much less in the caliber of such as yours in general has been. Your paper had admirers in this faculty, but it has lost them now. I know full well that your paper can live without our patronage; but, nevertheless, it is not even businesslike to insult thousands of your patrons and readers.

Leonardtown, Md., February 16 BROTHER SYLVAN,
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I Never Looked on Helen's Face

By GERTRUDE ROBISON ROSS

I know that Spring is at the door
Because the robins call,
But if they should come North no more
I'd never know at all.

And when beside the garden gate
I see some time o' year
The climbing roses blooming late,
I know the Summer's here.

And were it not that goldenrods
Beside the footpaths grow,
I'd never know that still abroad
The Autumns come and go.

For what to me is April's grace,
June, or October joy?
I never looked on Helen's face
Or saw the streets of Troy!

Books

Commuters to Poesepolis

Poems of the Soil and Sea. By Charles Wagner. Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.
Samphire. By John Cowper Powys. Thomas Seltzer. $1.
The Lifted Cup. By Jessie B. Rittenhouse. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.
Granite and Alabaster. By Raymond Holden. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
Carolina Chansons. By Du Bose Heyward and Hervey Allen. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.
In Memoriam. By Martin Feinstein. Thomas Seltzer. $1.25.
Poems. By F. M. Hallward. Basil Blackwell. 5s.
When a Soul Sings. By P. M. Raskin. Thomas Seltzer. $1.50.
Frescoes. By Jay G. Sigmund. B. J. Brimmer Company.
Fire Castles. By Maurine Hathaway. Sign of the Pen and Pad. $1.50.
The Thinker. By Stanton A. Coblenz. James T. White and Company. $1.50.
Walt Whitman. By Stuart Merrill. Henry S. Saunders. $2.
American Ballads and Songs. Edited by Louise Pound. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.
Lyric Forms from France. By Helen Louise Cohen. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.
The Bookman Anthology of Verse (1922). Edited by John Farrar. George H. Doran Company. $1.50.
Our Best Poets. By Theodore Maynard. Henry Holt and Company. $2.

ANCIENT geographers located the village of Poesepolis on a flank of Mount Parnassus, in the Grecian township of Phocis. No shard of eldern lore has occasioned such fishwife billingsgate as this—a litigious clamor that increases hourly. A shoal of overseas poetlings squeak that the poetry seat has always stretched from Stratford-on-Avon to London Town, and always will. International lips mention Florence and Weimar, Skien and Paumanok, low Ganges and high hills of Han, as six great wards of the widening city. A northern dialect cries for Ayr, a rich brogue threatens reprisals if Dublin is ignored as the Everest of the hilly town. An even noisier claque swears that it reaches specifically from the office of *Broom*, in Rome, to the Spectrist hills of Chicago, with a considerable eminence above Brookline. Capped and gowned elders affirm that the city was swallowed up in the sea, the moment that Tennyson died; bibbed and booteed youngsters say that its initial brick was laid when Kreymborg admitted that he was four monkeys. What are we, to daniel this bardic bedlam? We know that the town exists: we have before us a carful of commuters to it.

We are with those who hold that few live in Poesepolis, while many commute to its spacious vistas of lofty boulevards, heaven-kissing parapets, immense factories. The city is ringed by sundry subway-served suburbs. When dawn in russet mantle clad is waked by the cacophonous alarm clocks, the countryside disgorges its thousands beneath thousands into the verse factories; when night walks swiftly o'er the western wave, the workers return to their victrolas, their veal stews, and the Valentino features that thrill their purfled souls. During the interim, between the daylight and the dark, when the critics begin to lower, these commuters iamb away, trochee away, bang dactyl and beat anapest, until their Fordic product is finished. They are anthropoidal and gynecopoidal, these commuters. The males commence with extensive hirsute efflorescence; disuse of the brain causes a desiccation, a premature baldness, whence comes the laurel wreath, or primitive toupee. The females at times shorten their hair with their conventions. Their foremen are unfortunate pithecanthropoids suffering from the soothing delusion that the productivity of Poesepolis would cease but for their ivy activity. They bite and nip the workers from time to time, occasioning epidemics in which the feebler are killed off—an undoubted blessing; but a few poets of the first rank die from the same kiss. They are commonly called critics. One of their cater-cousins, the anthologist, is less destructive, but more subject to the delusion.

Having thus surveyed the city and its commuters in this airplane view, where shall we commence with the stacked exhibits before us? The youngest of our authors is perhaps Mr. Wagner, still an undergraduate at Columbia. Mr. Knopf, the publisher, offers as an annual prize the publication of the most worthy book by an undergraduate of his college; "Poems of the Soil and Sea" is the second to win this perilous guerdon. The award must be based upon the theory that at least one book is worthy of publication; and this volume does not rivet the certainty of that. It is excellent in spots, and by a man full of poetic feeling; but a kindness would have been conferred, in allowing the poems five or ten years to ripen. Worthily vocal at times—

> "The quiet is a crystal cup
> That splinters when the birds are up."

It yet phrases its own limitation—

> "But one must see a sunset
> For words are not the same."

No, words can never photograph one smallest quantel of life; but they can combine and blend and evoke overtones like swimming planets. It is not his sudden glimpses of a faun that satisfy, nor the wealth of lovely tunes still speechless; it is humbler bits—

> "So that the valley looking up
> With hotel lights within its cup
> Asks God for simple folk again
> Who take their bread and butter plain."

The twenty poems by Mr. Powys "have in them a haunting and terrible beauty. It's as though a naked spirit were suspended over the yawning abysses of the universe." Perhaps the abysses are yawning through boredom. It's (the abbreviation is the cover's) as if the poet said sternly to his soul, "Come, let us be morbid!" There are two nice short pieces, which just escape being first rate, and a surplusage of sluggish singing. Miss Rittenhouse is far better. Her love is clothed in a soft glamor; she walks the Springy road that Housman and Sara Teasdale recently, and many before, have walked; but her singing is her own. The Door, The Passing

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June, a half dozen others, are gems unflawed; Confession is not easily forgotten:

"Hear the words that I would speak,
Take the kiss that I would give,
If Life, the long-withholding,
Should one day bid us live.

"But I bear a coward's heart,
Thinking only of the pain
When hands that clasp so closely
Shall be unclasped again."

Mr. Holden's collection would be amazing—it is excellent—if Mr. Frost had not somewhat preempted his frequent field. Sugaring, Borers, Open Windows, The Durhams are fine poems, effective with that hidden sentimentality which critics have somehow overlooked in the older singer. Take this opening of Burying Ground:

"There is nothing here but the elms for me to speak to,
And so I say, why do you draw yourselves
Upward away from these poor planted people
Who would be forgotten but for their stones?"

Most poets must be mimetic before they can interpret the common thoughts of their hour in a tongue a little uncommon —which is, after all, the major domain of poetry. The gift is here, and should grow more itself.

Mr. Hallward is one of the young English Georgians, and sings with much of the crystal utterance and restraint that are their hallmarks. There is no tangential whimsy, no tang of the sea or thunder of dead onslaughts here; only sparrows and fluttering moths, violets and quiet ferns, soft love and lovely softness. The collection is lovely, rather than distinguished. Messrs. Heyward and Allen bring us back to the States, and specifically to the Carolinas. They are more Caroline than properly Carolinian in spots:

"And harlot Folly changed her thousand gowns."
"Ye vagrant upland airs!"

Sometimes they are regrettably "modern"—

"With dull screams like a child
Born with neuralgia."

A line which earns immortality. But against this we have the crackling vigor of Gamesters All, the spanking beauty of The Pirates, and a number of worthy shorter pieces. Mr. Feinstein, who won *The Nation's* 1922 prize with his affecting title poem, is one of the mad liners—

"I have built around them
A wall
Of crossed swords;
Now are my dreams
Safe
From your hands."

If payment by the line is the excuse, why not—

"I
Have
Built
Around
Them
A"

poem on that order; there is no other adequate excuse. At times he is utterly charming, as in Bacchanalia; oftener he rings the gamut of many moods with much ability, not yet out into a definite mood with a real word to say. Mr. Raskin, at least, has something to say—something that the late Mr. H. W. Longfellow, an American poet, said before him:

"Word is convention—
Smile is but frown—
Heaven the field made—
Who made the town? . . .
Am I made to hate?
Was I ever wild?
God, if not too late—
Make me back a child."

It is the general attitude that Mr. Longfellow contributed; at times the ideas have older ancestry. Mr. Raskin's unfamiliarity with the language makes many of the poems read like a translated anthology from the Czecho-Slovakian. Mr. Sigmind, in such "lyrics" as To My Son, feels the Longfellow influence strongly; he is more himself in astringent short-lined prose like They Say, from which we take one quatrain:

"There goes that dago, Columbus,
Who says the earth
Is round.
Poor idiot!"

Mrs. Hathaway obtained human interest for her pen, her publishers announce, by securing a secretarial position with the government in the Narcotic Division of the Prohibition Department. Such of her poems as I Wish My Name Were Mary Instead of Magdalene are included for the sake of the lesson that they teach and the pity they inspire, we are further enlightened. This is one of the things that makes her volume unique; the other thing is the poetry. We have a partiality for her The Plaint of the Primrose Lady:

"I trusted a man in the first place,
I ventured my *all* on a toss,
And the losing was pain,
Though I didn't complain,
Nor whisper a word of my loss.

"But he told on me—curse him—he told it
To all of his cronies until
Every man in the street
That I happened to meet
Thought of me as his prey, and his kill."

That gentleman must of had a lot of cronies; and that primrose lady must of had to dodge continual. The author is poignant in her Let Me Go Back—

"Let me go back! The dear old home
Calls to the wanderer to come. . . .
Let me go back!"

Mr. Coblenz prefaces his book with an introduction upon the thesis that the poetry of ideas has fallen into disrepute. It is rarely an aid to prelude a work of art, whose appeal is to the emotions, with a foreword, which speaks to the intellect. Counter-currents are set up; instead of letting the feelings wake under the music of the verse, the brain is stirred, and often irritated. Take this thesis: Edwin Arlington Robinson and many others in America controvert it. There are the trivial and the superficial epidemic among us, yes; but there is much that is neither. Mr. Coblenz's philosophical poems are doubtless well founded as philosophy; but he is most effective in his sharp satire, The Mole, The Fly, The Ape. These are wholly his own, and contain needful reminders.

The brief booklet about Walt Whitman is a lovely piece of bookbinding, containing a contemporaneous pen-picture of the poet grown old. It earns a place in all collections of Whitmania. Miss Pound's book of American ballads is heartening and worthy. It seems a pity that no collector of folklore, as far as we know, has yet escaped the pitfall of including manglings of well-known authored verses, such as the Three Sailor Boys appearing here. This is the glee-club song The Mermaid byblown; the mangling consists, for instance, in misreading "the landlubbers" into "the love land." Shades of the River Picket-wire in Texas, which has forgotten its baptism as Purgatoire! Another amazing inclusion is the popular song "The Blue and the Gray." But the totality is admirable. Miss Cohen's authoritative study of "Lyric Forms from France" should take the place of Gleeson White's earlier collection, on the work-table of every versifier. It plows much

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deeper into the history of the forms than the former work; it is in the main as clear in its technical directions; and the anthology, felicitously brought up to date, makes it invaluable. Mr. Farrar's *Bookman* anthology is less valuable in this respect—for the poems, chosen only from his pages, cannot represent in the majority of cases the best work of the poets represented—than for its sharply human comments on the various singers. Pungent, racy, with a delightful whiff at times of the indiscreet, these are valuable sidelights on the authors as a sharp-eyed contemporary sees them; they constitute documentary evidence at first hand for the literary archaeologists of the future.

Last of all, one of the overseas visitors surveys "Our Best Poets," English and American. His three chief English poets are Catholics or near-Catholics—Chesterton, Alice Meynell, and one Charles Williams; Hilaire Belloc, of the same group, has high place. Laurence Binyon's "lack of relationship with God is his misfortune." Vachel Lindsay incorrectly imagines himself a Buddhist; "he is a Catholic burdened with a few fads." This is not supposedly a volume on "Roman Theology Among Modern Poets." The author is at times penetrating, with something of G. K. Chesterton's turn of speech; at times he is obtuse, or superficial. He has dealt well by Robinson and Frost, and has slain Miss Lowell, Mr. Sandburg, Mr. Masters, and the bogy of free verse, with what he admits is an "intelligent" attack. The last American blade was blunted in this futile warfare so long ago that we have almost forgotten it. The form, call it what you please, has come, and stays; it is one of the more elastic implements of the poet's trade—an Arthur's sword that Dagonet could hardly handle, but that waits the leader's thews and sinews, to cut its wide swath; or, if you insist, a harp whose strings make discord to most, but high music under fit fingers. The book is interesting, chiefly as a picture of the author; Colley Cibber's autobiography is immortal for the same reason.

CLEMENT WOOD

Mid-Victorian Blue Blood

Forty Years On. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. George H. Doran Company. $4.

Fifty-One Years of Victorian Life. By the Dowager Countess of Jersey. E. P. Dutton and Company. $7.

IF posterity is ill-informed respecting the British territorial aristocracy of the last half-century—its traditions, its ideals, its social customs, its labors, and its recreations—it will not be through any lack of excellent reminiscent chronicles of the period. The Hamilton family, in particular, has been showing no little autobiographical diligence. We have already had memoirs from Lord George and Lord Frederic, and now comes Lord Ernest. Surely Lord Claud, whose opportunities as a diarist have been no less than theirs, will not allow himself to be outstripped by his younger brothers!

There are many differences between the two books now under review, but at the same time the pictures they draw have many similar features. We are reminded once more of the mid-Victorian aristocracy's disinclination for race suicide. Lord Ernest is the youngest of a family of thirteen, and his three eldest sisters had thirty-four children between them. The Countess of Jersey's father was one of ten, and her mother one of thirteen. She reckoned at one time that she had a hundred first cousins alive, and she generally found one of them in whatever quarter of the globe she chanced to visit. Another likeness is in the family traditions of lavish hospitality. The Countess's father, Lord Leigh, kept open house at Stoneleigh Abbey on such a scale to celebrate the first meet of the season that special trains were run to enable the populace to attend this sporting carnival at his expense. Lord Ernest gives us an amazing picture of the princely entertainment provided for their relatives and friends by the Buccleuchs at Drumlanrig Castle. Guests used to invite themselves, with all their retinue and often with all their children, and stay as long as it suited their convenience. As late as 1888 the Buccleuch estates in Scotland produced in one year 7,726 grouse, 1,121 black game, 2,342 partridges, 2,961 pheasants, and 3,639 hares, all of which were either consumed on the premises or given away to farmers, neighbors, or hospitals, or sent away to distant friends. The families whose story is related in these two volumes had no genealogical connection, but they were akin not only in the traits above mentioned but in their delight in nature and their fondness for travel.

Lord Ernest Hamilton reveals himself here as an open-air man of a quite adventurous, not to say dare-devil type. Hunting, horse-racing, and other active recreations figure prominently in his pages, which should not be overlooked by any student of the literature of sport. Many readers to whom such matters make no appeal will be fascinated by his account of an expedition to the Klondike in its early days and another to the interior of Peru, with a surreptitious visit en route to the forbidden town of Jacmel in Haiti. His story of the crossing of the Andes nearly takes one's breath away—as the actual climbing well-nigh did for the author himself. It would probably be difficult to find in any explorer's chronicle so graphic a description of the physical and psychological effects of the ascent of a high mountain. There was one terrible ride of thirty-three miles at a height of 15,000 feet. Three miles an hour was the best the ponies could do, for, if they were pressed beyond that—in spite of the fact that they had been bred in that rarefied atmosphere—they would bleed at the nose and fall down. The members of the party were denied the solace of smoking, for no pipe will burn at that elevation. No wonder that a Peruvian mining engineer who accompanied them crossed himself, and spoke of the place as an accursed region of evil spirits.

It must not be inferred, however, that sport and adventure fill Lord Ernest's whole horizon. He makes no pretense of scholarship, but no one could write as well as he does who had not a cultivated literary taste. He takes a pride in having been one of the group of Harrow boys who took part in the first performance of the famous Bowen-Farmer school song from which he borrows the title of his book. And when he comes to the account of his visit to Greece, his interest in the relation of modern to ancient Greek is not the only evidence that the old classical instruction at Harrow made an impression on him.

Old-fashioned Tory though he may be in his politics, Lord Ernest Hamilton is no blind or reactionary conservative. He has lived to see the class to which he belongs shorn of much of its influence and privilege, but the change has not turned him surly or sulky. He laments "irreparable losses" in certain directions—not merely money losses, but losses of the "sacred customs and traditions" that helped to make England what she was—yet he reaches the conclusion that the world has, on the whole, gained more than it has lost during the past half-century, and this reflection keeps him cheerful.

The Dowager Countess of Jersey writes in a pleasant and kindly tone, but she has not Lord Ernest Hamilton's sense of style, and her book seems rather tame in comparison. As a reporter of what she has heard and seen, she fumbles. She gravely tells us that she is not certain whether it was by the head or by the soul of his grandmother that a certain Levantine hawker swore to the value of his wares, or whether it was a dish of asparagus or French beans that figured in a disagreeable incident on the Orient Express. Both the Countess and Mrs. Asquith have severally recorded the experience of a first command to "dine and sleep" at Windsor Castle. Mrs. Asquith's account is as vivid as a cinema picture; the Countess of Jersey's, which includes such banalities as that "an excellent tea was brought us," leaves nothing like so distinct an impression. The wonder is, too, that, having met so many notable people of various nationalities, she has so little that is memorable to tell us about them.

Though the general style of the Countess's book is commonplace, there is nevertheless much to be found here that is of real interest. She is at her best in her descriptions of scenery,

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and as she has traveled not only in Europe but in Palestine, Egypt, India, China, Japan, and the South Seas, in addition to residence in Australia, while her husband was Governor of New South Wales, she has had no lack of material. Her interest in "spooks" is manifest throughout. It appears first in the impression made upon her by Irish fairy stories and legends in her youth, and later in a palmistry story connected with Sir Edwin Arnold, ghost stories related by Lord Cairns and Lord Haldane, talks about theosophy with Colonel Olcott on the voyage to India and at his headquarters at Adyar, and a spirit-drawing séance at Lady Darley's in Sydney.

So constant a traveler as the Countess of Jersey could not help discovering how small a place the world is after all. The Premier of New South Wales, during her husband's Governorship, was Sir Henry Parkes. Now, Sir Henry was the son of a small farmer on her grandmother's estate at Stoneleigh, where he attended the village school. His first pair of breeches was made by the village tailor, who was also parish clerk, and who, in that capacity, being at a loss to find the place in a revised psalter, had once walked across the aisle from his desk to the squire's pew and asked the help of the squire's daughter—a little girl who afterward became Countess of Jersey. In Sydney she met also, of course, Parkes's chief political antagonist, the egregious G. R. Dibbs. She tells of his quick change from republicanism to rabid imperialism during his visit to England, which incidentally brought him a knighthood. She mentions the *Bulletin's* cartoons at his expense, but she should have recorded also how that paper, for months after his return to the colony, invariably referred to him as Sir George Republican Dibbs. The Countess justly commends the shrewdness of some hints given by Lord Derby to her husband on his appointment. "Distrust," he advised, "all informants who have been long away; things change rapidly in those parts. And remember that the enriched colonist who came back with 10,000 pounds a year to live in England does not in the least represent the country in which his money was made." And again: "The less a Governor interferes directly, the better; if his ministers come to think that he desires so to do, they will tell him nothing; if relieved from this fear, they will be glad enough to profit by his experience and impartiality."

HERBERT W. HORWILL

The Book of Youth

The Hill of Dreams. By Arthur Machen. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

IT would be easy to criticize Mr. Arthur Machen for what he is not. That is a favorite trick of reviewers. It lends a certain authority to their work, a sort of revenge upon the author by which they may assert their authority. It would be simple to say Mr. Machen is behind the times, is untouched by the bewildering ferment of the modern megalopolis, is a futile romanticist clutching to his bosom an empty dream of a dead beauty. It would be simple and half true.

For Mr. Machen is behind the times. Fortunate fellow! London has not warped him, the grist mill of our industrial barbarism has not crushed his will to beauty. In his two-by-four hall bedroom in a drab suburb of London he is still able to hear the blowing of faery fanfares, to look out on "perilous seas forlorn." And if he builds in a dream world it is with a certain fierce awareness of his enemies encompassing him about and an insistence that the heart's desire is the only true reality there can ever be.

Lucian is prototype of eternal youth, youth unable to reconcile its visions with the harshly impinging world of facts, youth doomed by its very nature to certain disillusion, disappointment, and despair. In the wooded hills and valleys of his birthplace there were the barbarians in the guise of neighbors to crush his dreams under their feet. But when he came to London to try his fortune at letters he found the whole drab suffocating order of civilization arrayed against him. Death was the only way out, but who was the victor, he or society, is a matter of opinion.

Mr. Machen has chosen for his story that most difficult of subjects, the failure by all ordinary standards who is indubitably successful judged by the standards of his own consciousness. Through all the cruel months of trial Lucian still holds his dream precious, life is still a sacred and beautiful thing to him when death fells him from behind. "A great thing he could never do, but he had longed to do a true thing, to imagine sincere and genuine pages." But the world has little use for sincere and genuine pages, Lucian found. For her, the bandwagon or nothing.

For such a subject, Mr. Machen's art is admirably suited. He has attained to a beautiful and supple prose that lends itself easily to the subtleties he seeks. More than most prose writers of today, he shows a mastery over rhythms, a delight in cadences which makes his writing a continual round of joy. "The Hill of Dreams" is a golden book not of pleasure and sense, perhaps, but of deep and quiet emotion and the hallowed loneliness of the soul. Those who do not care for this sort of thing will not be lured to read beyond the first few pages. But to all those in whom youth still lives, Mr. Machen's work will prove a rare pleasure.

EDWIN SEAVER

An Authoritative Life of Blasco Ibáñez

V. Blasco Ibáñez, Ses Romans et le Roman de sa Vie. By Camille Pitollet. Paris: Calmann-Levy.

VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ is fifty-five years old, and has published some twenty-five volumes of fiction, in addition to his large output of newspaper articles and other ephemeral matter. He himself considers his life-work only well begun, and has plans for an imposing series of American novels, to be opened with a Mexican story already written, which will be followed by volumes dealing with the life of a dozen different sections, from New York to Patagonia. What the sanguine Valencian will do in the future, if his life is spared, it is idle to speculate; but his severest critics cannot deny that he has created such an international stir within the last decade as no Spanish writer, at least during his lifetime, ever occasioned before—"el único hombre de España que ha sabido, con gran tumulto, correr mundo. . . ." Whether or not it be true, as the *Illustrated London News* asserted in its issue for February 12, 1921, that the "Four Horsemen" "have been more widely read than any printed book, with the exception of the Bible," it is beyond question that the name of Blasco Ibáñez is known to many thousands of foreigners who never heard of Calderón or Cervantes. Blasco could never have written so vigorously and persuasively if he had not been a man of action as well as a novelist—if he had not given his best effort and risked his life a hundred times, as republican agitator in Valencia, as member of the Cortes, as colonist in Argentina, as propagandist for the Allies in the Great War; and his life of action appears quite as prominently as his writings in the elaborate and careful study of him by the learned French Hispanist Camille Pitollet. The subject is a gratefully vivid one, but even at that not all scholars write as interestingly as the erudite author of monographs on Fabri de Peiresc and other ancient worthies who are not even names to most of us. Pitollet is a hero-worshiper, and he flays Fitz-Maurice Kelly unmercifully for quietly suggesting that the "Four Horsemen" may have been written with a foreign market in mind, as he springs at every critic who hints at the possibility of spots on his sun; but this Valencian Victor Hugo, with something of the technique of Zola and an occasional whiff of the marvelous melancholy of the Russians, has a way about him which excuses excessive enthusiasm. The task of collecting so much dependable information about Ibáñez must have been enormous, for that child of generous impulse keeps no records, and cannot always even recognize his own work of a few years back. But Pitollet, whose volume is as carefully

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documented as a doctor's thesis—in which care the proofreader has unfortunately not emulated him—has made a useful book of reference, as well as a readable narrative. It is to be hoped that the inevitable English biography of Ibáñez will be as well done as this French one. ROY TEMPLE HOUSE

Books in Brief

Roget's International Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases. By C. O. Sylvester Mawson. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $3.

Founded on Roget, but really a new work. It gives not only single words but phrases and suggestive quotations. Few writers have such rich vocabularies and such command of verbal associations that they can afford to be without a Roget. And this is an excellent one.

Hoyt's New Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations. By Kate Louise Roberts. Funk and Wagnalls Company. $8.50.

A revision and enlargement of the original work. Easy to use, for the quotations are grouped by subjects alphabetically, and there is a complete concordance-index.

Western Races and the World. By F. S. Marvin. Oxford University Press. $4.

This is the fifth volume of lectures delivered at the Unity History School. Edwyn Bevan, Dr. A. J. Carlyle, Sir Sydney Oliver, and other savants discourse on the "White Man's Burden" in a style that is intermediate between H. G. Wells and Pollyanna.

A Tree with a Bird in It. A Symposium of Contemporary American Poets on being shown a Pear-Tree on which sat a Grackle. By Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.50.

Energetic but not subtle parody of forty-six poets—too many. The hits are more personal than important, and too often are based on a single famous poem by the victim.

Music

Mengelberg

THERE is in addition to the musical significance of tones themselves the musical significance which they achieve through performance. This is contributed in part by the tonal qualities and effects characteristic of the instrumental medium, in greater part by the resources of musical expression, abstracted from all media, manifesting itself in light and shade (degrees of loudness and softness) and variations in tempo within each phrase, and in contrast and climax, balance and proportion, within the entire composition. There is, for example, almost no limit to what a mere retardation of tempo may express musically according to what precedes and follows, and the possibilities of expression are increased by combining such a retardation with an increase or decrease in loudness.

This defines the function of the executive artist. He must be able to lend the tones of a composition musical significance by the use of the devices of musical expression. For this he must have established a correlation between these devices and the effects which they produce, so that by synthesis he may build up an artistic conception of the composition which he desires to play. It appears, then, that such a conception is not spontaneous, that its details are planned and practiced as carefully as details of mechanics. We see this best exemplified in the playing of Josef Hofmann in which practically nothing is left to the impulse of the moment, and which through his powers of analysis and synthesis of musical expression attains great emotional heights, with the possible advantage of having eliminated the undesirable by-products of spontaneous emotion. We see it exemplified only slightly less, however, in the playing of all artists, even of men as spontaneous in their art apparently as Paderewski and de Pachmann.

But it is the conductor of an orchestra who must carry this analysis and synthesis to its highest point because the orchestra is the least personal, the most external of media. A single musical effect at a given moment in which each of a hundred instruments plays a part cannot be produced on the impulse of the moment. And the artistic conception of an orchestral composition is thus a synthesis of innumerable musical details, each of which is in turn a synthesis of a hundred instrumental details.

Herein lies the genius of Willem Mengelberg, in his command of the resources of musical expression, and above all in his unrivaled knowledge of instrumental technic which enables him to resolve each musical effect into its hundred constituents. In this he pursues an ideal of absolute perfection which dictates that every note be played with the maximum of musical effect required by the style and conception of the composition and with perfect orchestral technic, an ideal which becomes a fault when it leads him, as it does in certain types of music, to overelaboration of detail or overstatement.

To this fault, however, may be attributed his enormous success and popularity in New York. Finesse, refinement of nuance, clarification of voices, perfection of ensemble and tonal balance, of rhythm and rubato, these are artistic qualities which make no popular appeal. An untrained listener is in fact rarely able to distinguish performance from the music performed, so that his only requirement of performance is that the notes be played somehow. Nevertheless strong rhythms and accents, extreme contrasts in tempo and dynamics, and brilliant sonorities are more obvious qualities of performance which will stir him; and in music such as that of Strauss, Berlioz, or Tchaikowsky Mengelberg's conducting, whatever its other qualities, is nothing if not stirring. Here every phrase is made a thing of high lights and deep shadows, is played with exaggerated rubato and extreme contrasts in dynamics varying from the most finely spun pianissimos to the most brilliant sonorities and overpowering masses of sound.

Above all he is careful to point to each player at his entrance, to appear to control the extent of crescendos and diminuendos by the extent of rise and fall of his left arm, or to indicate a *f*, a *ff*, or a *fff* by holding up one, two, or three fingers, respectively, of his left hand. Thus he gives the audience an opportunity to see the wheels go around, which is often thrilling and strenuous, and adds to that of the music itself the purely visual effect of expressive pantomime, most of which rehearsal has made unnecessary.

These methods are a howling success, literally. There are cheers and yells and other manifestations of frenzied enthusiasm, nor is it only the musical proletariat in the galleries that is swept off its feet but the musical proletariat in the boxes as well. For gullibility dwells in high places and Mengelberg always has an eye on the contract-controlling class. His virtues are in fact largely political. He is the most astute strategist in the arena of musical politics where orchestras and other musical enterprises are governed, possessing an unusual ability to take the long view and come out on top at the end, as his career with the National Symphony and the Philharmonic has demonstrated. And it is the politician and demagogue who wins a popular triumph where the great conductor and sincere artist might fail.

Of this there is one interesting, one might even say inevitable, consequence. By accepting the tastes of his audiences so many times temporarily he seems to have acquired them permanently. "Effective" conducting is apparently all that he cares to do, and "effective" music all that he seems to consider worth playing. This may explain his selection of Berlioz and Mahler, both conductors' paradises, as two of the world's greatest four composers, with Bach and Beethoven included as the other two probably in deference to popular prejudices. B. H. HAGGIN

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE has been run with great success during the past six months, covering the season when there is most interest in children's books. This will be its last appearance until next fall, when it will again be run regularly with some particularly attractive stories and poems.

The Children's Page

☆ ☆ ☆

The Baby Star's Adventure

It was night and the pine forests were very still and shadowy. All the stars were out—big ones and tiny ones, blinking at the big black dark. One little star was feeling very gay and eager for adventure. He wanted to go traveling. He began to wish that he could slip far down and see what there was off on the other side of the dark. He wished and wished, but he did not know how to go.

Just then a little breeze blew by. "Wait!" called the star. "I want to go with you, to see the big world that lies behind the dark." "All right," the breeze answered, "but I must hurry. I'm on my way to blow down pine needles for the fairy dressmakers, and when I've done that I must fly to the cobweb mills for some thread. But come along if you want to. Catch hold!"

The baby star drew in his breath and clutched the breeze by the back of his heels as he darted past. There was a tiny streak of fire across the sky, and people watching on the earth pointed up and said, "There goes a falling star!"

Then a terrible thing happened. The baby star somehow let go. He gave a squeal of fright and plunged downwards. The breeze, missing the pull on his heels, looked back. He saw nothing; the star had disappeared. The breeze did not care. He thought of the tasks before him and sped along swiftly through the darkness.

But what of the baby star? Down he fell—thousands of miles down. Suddenly with a mighty splash he hit a shiny wet surface. The spray rose high in the air, and the star sank to the bottom and lay still. He had fallen into an oyster bed. The shells lay around him in hundreds but he did not know what they were.

Years passed. A pearl diver, seeking treasure, spied a great dark object lying among the shells on the floor of the sea. He touched it gently, half afraid. Of course it did not move. Then he saw that it was only a huge irregular chunk of rusted metal. He could not guess what it was. But we know—you and I and the little breeze—it was all that remained of the venturesome baby star.

OUIDA MEYER.

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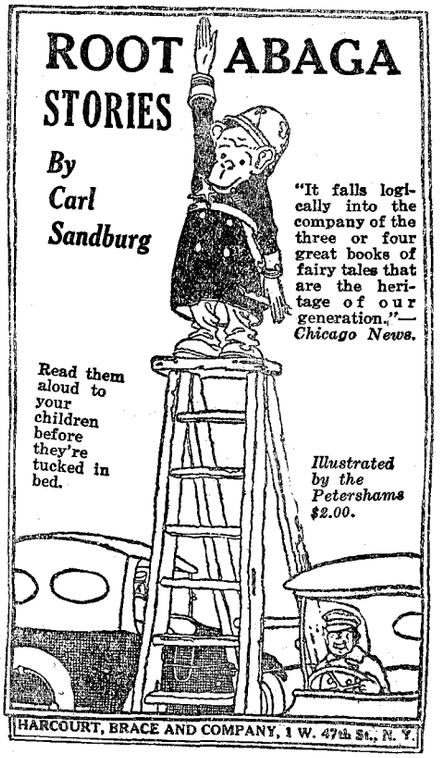

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Drama

Happy Endings

NEITHER Congreve nor Sheridan nor Beaumarchais would be able to practice their art today. Fixed forms and rules and agreements have been swept away. The slightest of comic writers is forced to become a critic of society for the simple reason that the process of social criticism has become one with the process of living itself. People no longer bow to the inevitable; they do not believe it to be inevitable. If circumstances are too strong for them they submit. But since their submission is, in such cases, a submission of neither the will nor the heart, it has no moral value as submission. The Belgians submitted in 1914; the people of the Rhineland submit today. But in their hearts is a glow, however somber.

"For the mind and spirit remains
Invincible and vigor soon returns."

It may seem heavy-handed to quote Milton at a comedy called "The Laughing Lady" and written by Mr. Alfred Sutro (Longacre Theater). Let us see. A lady has made a hasty war marriage. Her husband is a good fellow, a sportsman, and an ass. He is at the ends of the earth hunting big game. His very evangelical mother and sister assure him that his young wife has gone wrong. In hot haste he divorces her on circumstantial evidence. Seeing her in court, he believes in her innocence and wants the decree annulled. Lady Marjorie, however, has fallen in love with a very distinguished barrister and he with her. The barrister has a wife whom, in the deeper sense, he has never loved. The wife is willing to divorce him, but fears for his career. She suggests a very human compromise by which to escape the tyranny of the herd. For what relation is there, in the world of reason, between the affairs of Mr. Farr's heart and his activities as a K. C.? None. But Lady Marjorie turns into a picture of outraged propriety. A happy ending has to be arranged. And the name of that happy ending is—self-sacrifice. Lady Marjorie will return to be bored by her Hector, Mr. Farr to be served by his useful wife. Mr. Sutro has never given either the aforesaid Hector nor Mrs. Farr a thought. Granting that they were willing to become a living penitentiary apiece, the question still remains how long they could have endured situations so devoid of decency, of honor, of the possibilities of any true kindliness. Nor has Mr. Sutro, like most people, ever stopped to reflect that a sacrifice of one's selfhood without inner conviction is comparable only to the act of a mercenary who sells his skin to defend a cause of which his soul knows nothing.

The texture of Mr. Sutro's play is deft; at some moments it is brilliant, at others sagacious. Miss Ethel Barrymore, back in Mayfair from her strange wanderings in Silesia and Verona, has all her old, liquid charm, her worldliness tinged with the sunset colors of the soul, her plangent humor, her pathos, and her grace. Miss Violet Kemble Cooper is skilful but relentlessly overemphatic; Miss Katherine Emmet is whole-heartedly genuine; Mr. Cyril Keightly appealing, but a little slack.

Miss Rachel Crothers is not nearly so smooth a technician as Mr. Sutro. But her comedy "Mary the 3rd" (39th Street Theater) is far fresher, more original, and more searching. It is indeed her very best work. But for its falsely happy ending it would be as thoughtful, delightful, and crisp a comedy as any American has written. Miss Crothers's three Marys, representing the feminine outlook of three generations, are excellent and solidly founded bits of dramatic portraiture. Mary the 1st has no problem. She adopts the harem psychology and wheedles and bluffs her way to mastery and ease; Mary the 2nd is stranded in her misery; she has gleams of honor but her emotions lag hopelessly behind her thoughts. That cripples her definitely. Mary the 3rd is the contemporary American girl of the best type. She knows that nearly everything in the state of Denmark is rotten. She has intelligence, courage, vividness of thought and impulse, but no experience and no real guide. Her suspicions are definite and correct, her experiments tentative and futile. She discovers, in a superbly written scene, that her worst suspicions concerning marriage are terribly confirmed by the one couple whom she had believed to be exceptional—her parents. And at that moment, Miss Crothers asks us to believe, she collapses and flings herself head foremost into the delusions of the past. I can only say that Miss Crothers has written too convincingly to have that believed. Her Mary the 3rd is a very real little person. She is extravagant, as youth is. But she does reason correctly and feel with freshness. She is civilized. Her approach to marriage will be different. And in the carrying out of that difference would have been the happiest of endings for this comedy. Miss Crothers, at the last moment, caters to what a great contemporary thinker has called the worst of human sins—the sloth of the heart.

A delightful performance is given by Miss May Galyer, Miss Beatrice Terry, Miss Louise Huff. The men in the company are not more than adequate. But the production, as a whole, is thoroughly agreeable, amusing, and intelligent.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LECTURES *and* AMUSEMENTS

DEBATE "Should the Prohibition Amendment Be Repealed?"

YES—COL. RANSOM GILLETT, *General Counsel, Association Against Prohibition Amendment.*
NO—REV. JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Minister, Community Church.*
Chairman, HON. HENRY MORGENTHAU.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, MARCH 7th, 1923, 8 P. M.
LEXINGTON THEATRE, 51st St. and Lexington Ave.
Tickets (No tax) 50c to $2.00—Boxes $4.—$9.—$20.
On sale at Community Church, 34th St. and Park Ave.; Ass'n Against Prohibition, 366 Madison Ave.; Anti-Saloon League, 906 Broadway; The Civic Club, 14 West 12th Street. *Beginning March 5th at Theatre Box Office*

Theatre Guild Productions

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International Relations Section

Senator Borah's Resolution

IN his article Stopping War by Quitting It, on another page of this issue of *The Nation*, William Hard refers to the resolution introduced by Senator William E. Borah outlawing war "as an institution or means for the settlement of international controversies." The full text of the resolution, submitted on February 13, follows:

Whereas war is the greatest existing menace to society, and has become so expensive and destructive that it not only causes the stupendous burdens of taxation now afflicting our people, but threatens to engulf and destroy civilization; and

Whereas civilization has been marked in its upward trend out of barbarism into its present condition by the development of law and courts to supplant methods of violence and force; and

Whereas the genius of civilization has discovered but two methods of compelling the settlement of human disputes, namely, law and war, and therefore, in any plan for the compulsory settlement of international controversies, we must choose between war on the one hand, and the process of law on the other; and

Whereas war between nations has always been and still is a lawful institution, so that any nation may, with or without cause, declare war against any other nation and be strictly within in its legal rights; and

Whereas revolutionary wars or wars of liberation are illegal and criminal, to wit: high treason, whereas, under existing international law, wars of aggression between nations are perfectly lawful; and

Whereas the overwhelming moral sentiment of civilized people everywhere is against the cruel and destructive institution of war; and

Whereas all alliances, leagues, or plans which rely upon force as the ultimate power for the enforcement of peace carry the seeds either of their own destruction or of military dominancy to the utter subversion of liberty and justice; and

Whereas we must recognize the fact that resolutions or treaties outlawing certain methods of killing will not be effective so long as war itself remains lawful; and that in international relations we must have, not rules and regulations of war but organic laws against war; and

Whereas in our Constitutional Convention of 1787 it was successfully contended by Madison and Hamilton that the use of force when applied to people collectively, that is, to states or nations was unsound in principle and would be tantamount to a declaration of war; and

Whereas we have in our Federal Supreme Court a practical and effective model for a real international court, as it has specific jurisdiction to hear and decide controversies between our sovereign States; and

Whereas our Supreme Court has exercised this jurisdiction, without resort to force, for one hundred and thirty-five years, during which time scores of controversies have been judicially and peaceably settled that might otherwise have led to war between the States, and thus furnishes a practical exemplar for the compulsory and pacific settlement of international controversies, and

Whereas an international arrangement of such judicial character would not shackle the independence or impair the sovereignty of any nation: Now, therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the view of the Senate of the United States that war between nations should be outlawed as an institution or means for the settlement of international controversies by making it a public crime under the law of nations and that every nation should be encouraged by solemn agreement or treaty to bind itself to indict and punish its own international war breeders or instigators and war profiteers under powers similar to those conferred upon our Congress under Article I, section 8, of our Federal Constitution which clothes the Congress with the power "to define and punish offenses against the law of nations": And be it

Resolved further, That a code of international law of peace based upon equality and justice between nations, amplified and expanded and adapted and brought down to date should be created and adopted;

Second. That a judicial substitute for war should be created (or, if existing in part, adapted and adjusted) in the form or nature of an international court, modeled on our Federal Supreme Court in its jurisdiction over controversies between our sovereign States, such court to possess affirmative jurisdiction to hear and decide all purely international controversies, as defined by the code, or arising under treaties, and to have the same power for the enforcement of its decrees as our Federal Supreme Court, namely, the respect of all enlightened nations for judgments resting upon open and fair investigations and impartial decisions and the compelling power of enlightened public opinion.

The Italian Opposition Is Heard

THE following manifesto issued by the Italian Socialist Party indicates that in spite of the iron rule of the Fascisti a certain degree of protest against the Mussolini Government has made itself heard.

TO THE WORKERS OF ITALY

The coup d'etat by which the constitution, already violated in practice, was formally annulled, has hitherto silenced us, while the process of seizure and destruction of the central departments has recently culminated in systematic devastation.

But our forced silence could not deceive you because recent political events, predictable and inevitable, were the natural result of the combined action of the state bodies, the large banks, and the manufacturing and agricultural interests during the past two years; nor could the ingenuous farce of democratic resistance bring any illusions to those who know that respect for legal forms and "immortal principles" is only hypocrisy, soon enough forgotten by the bourgeoisie once the proletariat is in control of such laws and such principles and uses them for its own emancipation.

The patriotic setting for this pseudo-insurrectional movement cannot conceal the purpose of the bourgeoisie to throw onto the working-class the consequences of the post-war crisis.

And with this end in view the new Government, imperialistically inclined, is getting the opinions of the various leaders and schools of Italian democracy, now bound together by a single class interest; and through this procedure, after gaining control by the action of an audacious minority, it immediately becomes a typical bourgeois coalition government which does not need, in order to maintain itself, to assume the character of a dictatorship.

Workers! The Italian bourgeoisie now lay the economic crisis resulting from the war to the attempts at social and democratic reform made during the past twenty years, and is making a desperate effort to continue in another form the work which it began when it tore down what you had so patiently built up and took from you what you had gained.

In giving its extra-legal attack the semblance of legality, it is aiming to force you back as prisoners into the concentration camp of labor, defenseless and without rights.

But violent reaction drives social forces to opposite extremes, dispelling illusions and breaking up any positions between these

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extremes. It clarifies and increases the class struggle, and through greater suffering it hastens the final solution.

Comrades! Our unswerving opposition to bourgeois governments, which has been free from any social-democratic wavering, is now fully justified. The present political situation can in no way lessen the conflict of interests between the ruling class and the proletariat or mitigate the reaction of the dominating interests.

This is not the first persecution the party has faced. Persecution has always purified and strengthened it. Under the blows of the hammer of reaction the sparks of idealism fly faster. And many of those in power today know this from experience.

As the political organ of the working-class, with the same methods and the same membership as before, the party will determine its positions by the actions of its adversaries in order to carry out its definite duty of preparing and hastening the inevitable emancipation of the working-class. . . .

Long live socialism!

November 1, 1922 THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

"The Fascisti Guarantee Freedom of the Press"

THE arrival of Communist newspapers from Italy stopped without notice or explanation. A recent copy of *Avanti*, however, carried the following communication from the Executive Committee of the Italian Communist Party:

From many directions we are being asked what has happened to the Communist daily press. The bourgeois papers have written the usual foolishness on this subject, referring to the voluntary suppression of our papers in anticipation of a fusion of parties or for other fantastic reasons.

Our comrades are already familiar with the reasons which have prevented us and still prevent us from publishing our papers. We submit the following communication to the proletarian readers of Communist papers:

(a) As officially reported at the time, the *Ordine Nuovo* of Turin, instead of being attacked and burned down by the Fascisti, according to the prevailing custom, was taken over by the public authorities. In order to "protect" the offices and printing-press of the Communist papers from attack by the Fascisti, these officials drove out the publishers and workmen, and destroyed the offices and printing machines themselves. Later, a communication from the office of the mayor of Turin expressed surprise because, after seventy-two hours of search, arms and ammunition were found in the offices of the Communist paper. Naturally, the editors of the paper were turned over to the police for having dared to prepare for defense against attacks by Fascist bands. . . .

After the police had made their investigation and issued the "regular" denunciations, we took it upon ourselves to ask the Government the reasons for the seizure of the headquarters of *Ordine Nuovo*. The Government replied to our question with Fascist clearness, saying that the headquarters of our Turin paper "might be restored" but "might be held longer by the royal guards," and that "restitution will be considered," and "the opportunity will be sought to turn them back," etc.—phrases which amount to definite refusal. At the same time the political authorities have brought pressure on the owners of the building to have us evicted.

In spite of all this, the paper is still being published in reduced form, but not in a form suitable for mailing.

(b) The *Comunista*, Rome. This paper was being printed by a private printing-press. The Fascisti terrorized the owners of the press warning them never again to publish our paper, which was "the organ of the disrupters of the indissoluble nation, subsidized with money not of Entente origin." The owners of the printing-press did not hesitate to obey. In Rome today no private press would print our *Comunista*. Fascist patriotism is a danger and a threat to all the printing-houses in Rome.

(c) The *Lavoratore* of Trieste was warned by the Fascisti to suspend publication. But they accompanied their warning with the cutting of the cables which transmit light and power to the printing-press. We do not know whether or not the Trieste electrical company has been granted permission to repair the damage for us.

In conclusion, since we have read that freedom of the press has been revived, together with other ancient spiritual virtues of our poor race, we are seeking to profit from it.

The *Comunista* will probably never see the light again. The other two dailies may possibly do so, with "permission from the higher authorities."

Who Rules Soviet Russia?

STATISTICAL data gathered by the People's Commissariat of Internal Affairs during the recent Soviet elections furnish the following interesting picture of the composition of the vast army of Soviet delegates and officials throughout Soviet Russia:

The lower government units in the Soviet system are the village soviets. These are made up almost exclusively of peasants, the poorer peasants having the lead. To get an idea of the number of Communists in the village soviets it is sufficient to point out that the general number of delegates in village soviets is well above one million, while the number of Communists after the last purging of the party is a little less than half a million and of these only about 35 per cent, i.e., 175,000 are occupying any administrative and government positions. Thus the bulk of the village soviets is made up of nonpartisan peasants who are in fact the rulers of the country. However, when it comes to administrative and executive posts these peasant soviets usually elect Communists to manage their affairs. Thus the executive committees of the village soviets show an average of more than 30 per cent Communists.

Higher up in the scale are the district soviets and their executive committees. The district conventions of the soviets in 1922 were made up of 45.9 per cent Communists, 2.6 per cent sympathizers, .2 per cent other parties, and 51.3 per cent nonpartisans. But these conventions, although made up chiefly of nonpartisan delegates, generally elect Communists to the various administrative and executive posts. The number of Communists in the executive committees of the district soviets is as high as 81.7 per cent.

The statistical data furnish interesting details as to the composition of the elective executive organs of the soviets, according to sex, occupation, education, and party affiliation.

The executive committees of the district soviets were made up in 1922 of 99.1 per cent men and .9 per cent women. Their occupations: Workers, 30.6 per cent; peasants, 26.4 per cent; technicians, 1.3 per cent; physicians, .6 per cent; jurists, .1 per cent; teachers, 6.1 per cent; clerks, 25.9 per cent; soldiers, 2.4 per cent; liberal professions; .7 per cent; students, 3.3 per cent; other occupations, 2.2 per cent. Party affiliation: Communists, 81.7 per cent; other parties, .1 per cent; nonpartisans, 18.2 per cent.

The executive committees of the provincial soviets were made up of 99.4 per cent men and .6 per cent women. Their occupations: Workers, 40.8 per cent; peasants, 11.8 per cent; technicians, 4.1 per cent; physicians, 2.5 per cent; jurists, 1.3 per cent; teachers, 9.9 per cent; clerks, 21.7 per cent; soldiers, 1.6 per cent; liberal professions, .3 per cent; students, 2.5 per cent; other occupations, 3.5 per cent. Party affiliation: Communists, 89.1 per cent; nonpartisans, 10.9 per cent.

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The executive committees of the city soviets were made up of 95.1 per cent men and 4.9 per cent women. Their occupations: Workers, 53.7 per cent; peasants, 7.3 per cent; physicians, 4.9 per cent; clerks, 19.5 per cent; students, 12.2 per cent; other occupations, 3.5 per cent. Party affiliation: Communists, 61 per cent; nonpartisans, 39 per cent.

All over Russia the executive committees of the provinces, of the provincial capitals, of the districts, of the district capitals, and of the cities present the following picture:

Men, 99 per cent; women, 1 per cent. Workers, 33 per cent; peasants, 24 per cent; technicians, 1.6 per cent; physicians, 1 per cent; jurists, .3 per cent; teachers, 6.8 per cent; clerks, 25 per cent; soldiers, 2.1 per cent; liberal professions, .5 per cent; students, 3.3 per cent; other occupations, 2.4 per cent; Communists, 82.5 per cent; nonpartisans, 17.5 per cent.

This is besides the executive committees of the village soviets, which are made up almost exclusively of peasants. As was pointed out the number of Communists in these committees is little over 30 per cent.

These figures show in the first place that the greatest majority of the executive committees of the soviets is made up of workers and peasants. In the second place they show that while Communists are comparatively few in the village soviets their percentage increases as the responsibilities of the executive posts become greater and more complicated. This is in spite of the fact that the Communist Party itself is trying to attract greater numbers of nonpartisans to executive and administrative posts. During elections the Communist organizations generally include considerable numbers of nonpartisans in their election lists, but it frequently happens, particularly in Moscow, that workers at election meetings eliminate the names of nonpartisan candidates and replace them with Communists.

As to their education the members of the executive committees (not counting the village committees) may be divided as follows: With college education, 6.7 per cent; with high-school education, 16.5 per cent; with public-school education, 66.6 per cent; with home education, 7.9 per cent; with very slight education, .3 per cent.

Thus it appears that the soviets are poor in highly educated executives and administrators. But this is to be expected since the bulk of the soviet executives is made up of workers and peasants who have had very slight educational opportunities. Conditions in this respect are gradually improving as steadily growing numbers of workers and peasants attend the colleges, workers' universities, party schools, etc.

American Aid and Greek Gratitude

AT a recent dinner in Athens attended by the King and the Prime Minister of Greece, Professor Andreades, who has headed the commission investigating Turkish atrocities in Asia Minor, outlined the results of the investigation. He concluded his report with these words:

In a short but stirring appeal for the refugees the general secretary of the Smyrna Y. M. C. A. wrote: "High Turkish officials have repeatedly declared that no Christian would be allowed to remain on the coast. With equal frankness they have said that they could not guarantee the security of anyone who stayed in the interior. No policy was ever more methodically carried out than that which consisted in solving the problem of the Christian minorities by elimination. Many would have said that this was true in the past. Even the most pro-Turk are forced to admit it today."

One could not summarize the situation better. But the most pro-Turk should also admit that this policy of elimination might have been realized with less blood, less crime, less horror, and fewer orgies. Events which I have attempted to sketch faithfully for you have been imperfectly known abroad despite the skill with which the Turkish propaganda has first hidden, then minimized, and always denied the truth. These events have had a considerable echo. On the other side of the Atlantic, where the public was better informed, they provoked an indignation which has not yet been calmed. They stirred many a heart even in old Europe, troubled, divided, and weary as she is. People asked if everything really was done, before, during, and after, which could and should have been done. A distinguished gentleman wrote me: "If Kemal's hordes had for one single second feared that the foreign ships, which were more numerous in the Bay of Smyrna than in the harbor of Navarino, would have turned something more than their searchlights on them, the lives of thousands of Christians and the honor of thousands of other Christians would not have been lost."

One of the most distinguished Englishmen, Pember Reeves, director of the School of Political and Social Sciences in London, has just published a pamphlet, "Christiani ad Leones," in which he speaks very severely to his compatriots. In the regions where the seven churches of Asia were he says one now meets assassins and victims but not a single good Samaritan.

I want to avoid politics and I shall leave it to history to judge what should and could have been done. It is my duty to say that if there are no good Samaritans there are still good Christians. Almost all our witnesses escaped death only through the intervention of foreign soldiers, ministers, or philanthropists. The services rendered by the Americans to the people of Asia Minor are so great that there are no words adequate to express our gratitude. When I was in the United States in 1919 Americans told me that their country would never forget the enthusiasm with which more than 30,000 Greeks volunteered under the starry flag, or the enthusiasm with which other Greek emigrants supported their national loans. If there was a debt it has been royally repaid, and it is our duty to assure the Americans that we too shall never forget what they have done for us. Our gratitude will also go to the Europeans, first of all to the Italians, also to the French, English, Swiss, Dutch, and Slavs, who, as soldiers, priests, or civilians, often risked and sometimes lost their lives during that tragic week in saving the lives of their brothers of Asia Minor. Services rendered at such risk wipe out mistakes and hesitations due perhaps to ignorance of the Turk, and the failures, sometimes infamous, of individuals.

Thus in this unique tragedy of Asia Minor, despite horror and terror, history will discover a gentler strain—the fact that Christian solidarity is not a vain word and that in the end immanent justice will rule both for victim and hangman.

Next week's issue of *The Nation*, dated March 14, will be a special

Mid-European Number

containing articles and documents on the present situation by Ludwell Denny, Dr. Bernhard Guttmann of the Frankfurter *Zeitung*, and A. Aulard of the Sorbonne; also translations by Ludwig Lewisohn of German verse.

To avoid conflict with this special material, the third article in the series dealing with anti-Jewish sentiment in America will appear the following week, in *The Nation* for March 21st. It is written by Lewis S. Gannett, Associate Editor of *The Nation*, and is called:

Is America Anti-Semitic?

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